McKean County Miner.

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State Library July 06

PREMIUMS HAVE BEEN AWARDED.

A Complete List of Winners at the First Annual Fair.

MONEY ON PREMIUMS CAN BE HAD

By Calling at the Office of the Fair Association—Vart Correspondent Should Have a Look.

Following is a list of premiums awarded by the McKean County Fair Association for their first fair:

W. S. Acre took first on three-year-old colt, $3, a heifer, $2, one-year-old sow, $2, two ewes two years old, $3.50 two ewes, yearlings, $3, and two ewes, lambs, $3, Total, $17.50.

Howard Acre took first on Toulouse geese, premium 50c.

Mrs. J. D. Abbey, first on five yards rag carpet, premium 50c.

Miss Clyte Abbey, first on drawn work lunch cloth, premium 50c.

Mrs. Lydia Abbey, second on cotton bed quilt, premium 25c.

Donovan Morrison Bell, second on single pony, under 14 hands, premium $2.50.

E. Breese, first on standing, four years old, premium $6.

G. F. Bayer, first on embroidered centre piece, 50c, embroidered table scarf, 50c, 10 lb. jar butter, $1.50, dairy cheese, $1.00, strained honey, 60; total premiums, $4.10.

Dell Baker, first on table beets, premium 50c.

F. A. Burdick, first on Early Sunrise potatoes, premium 60c.

Mrs. Lucy Backus, first on hand made lace handkerchief, 50c; second on embroidered centre piece, 25c; total premiums, 75c.

Miss Mattie Backus, first on butternut cake, 50c, and devil's food, 50c; total premiums, $1.00.

Mrs. Henry Brandt, first on three rutabagas, premium 50c.

Mrs. F. W. Brownell, first on silk slumber robe, 50c, graham bread, 50c, six fried cakes, 50c; cucumber pickles, 50c, currant jelly, 50c, canned red cherries, 50c, canned light plums, 50c, canned beets, 50c; total premiums, $4

Henry Brandt, first on three-year-old cow, premium $4.

George Brennan, first on one-year-old bull, $3, Ayrshire heifer, $3, sow, 75c; total premiums, $6.75.

Miss Harriet Brown, first on embroidered centre piece, premium 50c.

Miss Crystal Comes, first on water color, premium 50c.

M. S. Comes, first on fat heifer, $2, two two year-old ewes, $3.50, two ewes, lambs, $3, two-year-old ram, $350, two pie pumpkins, 50c; second on Baldwin apples, 25c; can maple syrup, 40c, Sir Walter Raleigh potatoes, 25c; total premiums, $13.40.

Messrs. Cole & Corwin, first on white speck canes, 50c, mugwamp canes, 50c; total premiums $1.

J. J. Campbell, first on draft brood mare, $4; second on sucking foal, 75c; total premiums, $4.75.

Burton Chandler, second on roadster stallion, premium $5.

F. E. Cleveland, first on two-year-old stallion, $3, sucking foal, $1.50, four-year-old stallion, $6, 12 ears of 12 row corn, 50c, Ben Davis apples, 50c, snow apples, 50c; second on yearling colt, $1.75, brood mare with foal at side, $3, sucking foal, 75c; total premiums, $17.50.

Theo. Cleveland, first on greening apples, 50c, Gilli Flower apples, 50c, Falls Waters apples, 50c; second on twenty ounce apples, 25c, Tallman sweets, 25c; total premiums, $2.

Robt. Cleveland, first on pair of buff Plymouth Rock fowls, 50c, six largest tomatoes, 50c; second on pair of buff Plymouth Rock chicks, 25c; total premiums, $1.25.

Jonathan Colegrove, first on twelve ears of yellow corn, 50c, twelve ears of evergreen corn, 50c, two Hubbard squashes, 50c, Anderson K. C. cabbage, 60c; total premiums, $2.10.

D. M. Card, first on yoke of five-year-old oxen, premium $5.

E. D. Comes, second on twelve ears of pop corn, premium 25c.

Peter Conley, second on two Hubbard squashes, premium 25c.

Mrs. Marie Carter, first on sofa pillow, 50c, embroidered bureau cover, 50c; second on embroidered centre piece, 25c; total premiums, $1.25.

Fred. Digel, second on brood mare with foal at side, $3, sucking foal, 75c; total premiums, $3.75.

Dodge & Sherburne, first on one-half bushel white oats, 75c, one-half bushel yellow eye beans, 75c, one-half bushel silver mine oats, 75c, three long green cucumbers, 50c, three beets for table use, 50c, six long radishes, 50c, two mammoth squashes, 60c; total premiums, $4.35.

W. C. Dickinson was awarded first diploma on a corn planter, one horse cultivator, two horse cultivator, pulverizing harrow, seed sower and double market wagon.

Mrs. J. F. Eberspatcher, second premium on five yards of rag carpet, premium 25c.

Miss Lizzie Fizzel, first on Battenburg lace collar, premium 50c.

J. C. Goding, first on four-year-old single mare in harness, $4, head of pure bred Holsteins, $8, yoke of two-year-old oxen, $3, 3-year-old Poll Angus bull, $6, 1-year-old Poll Angus, $1.50, Poll Angus calf, $3.00, 3-year-old Poll Angus cow, $4, 2-year-old Poll Angus heifer, $3, yearling Poll Angus heifers, $2, Poll Angus heifer calf, $1.50, Poll Angus heifer calf, $1.50; total premiums, $47.50.

George F. Coy, first on Rhode Island reds, premium 50c.

E. M. Holden, first on pure bred shorthorn bull, $6, pure bred short horn cow, $4; second on pair of roadsters in harness, $4; total premiums, $14.00.

Julius Hornlein, first on single comb Buff Leghorn fowls, 50, single comb Buff Leghorn chicks, 50c; total premiums, $1.

S. W. Hubbard, first on single pony under 14 hands, premium $4.

Dr. R. L. Hamilton, first on brood mare with foal at side, $4, sucking foal, $1.50; total premiums, $5.50.

Mrs. Geo. Hyde, first on light Brahma fowls, premium 50c.

Miss Lillian Hagberg, second on embroidered doilie, premium 25c.

W. S. Irons, first on Duchess of Oldenburg apples, 50c, Newton Pippin apples, 50c; second on twelve ears of 18 row yellow corn, 25c, total premiums, $1.25.

International Harvest Co. was awarded first diploma on largest display of implements; also on 2 stationary engines, mowing machine, horse rake, one horse cultivator, harrow, disk harrow, manure spreader and heavy farm wagon.

Jewell Farm, first premium 3-year-old Polled Durham bull, $6, Polled Durham bull calf, $1.50, Polled Durham heifer, $7; second on two-year-old colt, $1.50; total premiums, $11.

W. C. Kingsbury, first on standard bred stallion, 4-year old, $6, 2-year-old standard bred stallion colt, $3; standard yearling mare, $2.50, single gelding in harness, $3, standard bred stallion with 3 of his get, $8; total premiums, $22.50.

Miss Mollie King, first on embroidered doilie, premium 50c.

Miss Kissock, second on water color pencil drawing, premium 25c.

C. M. Loyte, first on six carrots, 50c, largest pumpkin, 50c; total premiums, $1.

Miss Leonora Lemmler, second on embroidered centre piece, premium 25c.

Mrs. F. A. McCoy, first on two embroidered towels, 50c, lunch cloth, 75c, knit sweater, 50c, plate of rolls, 50c, plate of ginger snaps, 50c, can tomatoes, 50c, can peas, 50c, pineapple marmalade, 50c; second on wheat bread, 25c, can beets, 25c; total premiums, $1.75.

Mrs. Simon Martin, first on sure-head cabbage, 60c, Ferris Wheel tomatoes, 60c; second on celery, 35c; total premiums, $1.45.

Mrs. Guy McCoy, first on wheat bread, 50c, crabapple jelly, 50c, can blackberries, 50c, can strawberries, 50c; second on 2 drawn work doilies, 25c, can peaches, 25c; total premiums, $2.50.

James McCabe, first on two-year-old mare, premium $3.

Mrs. James McGuire, first on fancy baskets, premium 50c.

John McKeaman, first on peach jell, 50c, can dark plums, 50c, Baldwin apples, 50c, Northern Spy apples, 50c, 30 ounce apples, 50c, cut dahlias, 50c; second on 5 pounds butter in rolls, 50c, Tompkin's Co. King apples, 25c; total premiums, $3.75.

B. H. Matson, first on standard bred stallion, three years old, $4, roadster, three years old, $4, speed stallion, $6; second on standard bred stallion, four years old, $5, gelding roadster, three years old, $1.50; total premiums, $20.50.

Fred H. Nourse, first on yearling mare, premium $2.50.

G. A. Neely, second on silver mine oats, 50c; yellow dent corn, 25c; total premiums, 75c.

Mrs. Clara Neely, second on fringe mitts, 50c; crochet shawl, 25c, woven rag cotton, woven rag woolen, 25c; total premiums, $1.

Mrs. F. A. Grimsby, first on maple sugar, 60c, maple syrup, 60c; total premiums, $1.20.

H. R. Patterson first on sucking colt, $1.50, pair Pekin ducks, 50c, 8 row yellow corn, 50c, largest squash, 50c, Grimes Golden apples, 50c, King apples, 50c; second on pie pumpkins, 25c, crooked neck squash, 25c; total premiums, $1.50.

W. V. Brown, second on driving horse, premium $3.

Mrs. Orra Palmer, first on 2 Battenburg doilies, premium 50c.

Miss Alitha Pickersgill, first on embroidered doilies, premium 50c.

Ernie Stilson, first on two pairs of Rowen ducks, premium 50c.

T. H. Stilson, first on 5 lbs. of butter in balls, $1, tomatoes, 50c, Early Vermont potatoes, 60c; total premiums, $3.10.

Adelbert E. Stickles, first on crooked neck squashes, 50c, None Such potatoes, 60c, Rovee potatoes, 60c, Baldwin apples, crab apples, 50c, Talman Sweet apples, 50c, Battle Greening apples, 50c, Fallwater apples, 50c, Pewauke apples, 50c, Sweet Bough apples, 50c, McIntosh red apples, 50c, largest peppers, 50c; second on Ben Davis apples, 25c, Jackson apples, 25c; total premiums, $2.45.

Burga Stickles, first on honey in comb, 60c, native wine, blackberry, 50c; total premiums, $1.10.

Tom Smith, first on Tompkin's Co King apples, premium 50c.

M. E. Simar, first on short horn bull calf, premium $1.50.

Merl Stickles, second on game fowls, premium 25c.

Miss Inza Sherburne, first on embroidered centre piece, premium 50c.

Miss Myra Sherburne, first on embroidered centre piece, premium 50c.

Clarence Tyler, first on pop corn, premium 50c.

E. G. Thomas, first on thoroughbred American merino flock sheep, $4, two-year-old thoroughbred American merino ram, $3.50, flock Shropshires, $4, two-year-old Shropshire ram, $3.50, flock Oxfordshires, $4, Oxfordshires ram, $3.50, two yearling Oxfordshires ewes, $3, two Delaine merino ewes, $3.50, two Delaine merino lambs, ewes, $3, two yearling ewes, grade fine wool, $3, Ramboulette flock, $4, Rambouletta ram, $3.50, Rambouletta ewes, $3.50, Rambouletta yearling ewes, $3, Rambouletta ewe lambs, $3; first and second on 4 thoroughbred American merino ewes, two years old, $5.50, 4 thoroughbred American merino ewes, lambs, $4.00, 2 flocks Delaine merino, $7, 2 Delaine merino rams, $5.50; second on 2 two-year-old Shropshire ewes, $2, 2 ewe lambs, $1.50; total premiums, $78.

George Tyler, first on Bliss Red Triumph potatoes, premium 60c.

J. W. Waite, first on tub of creamery butter, $2, Buff Orpington fowls, 50c, Buff Orpington chicks, 50c, White Orpington fowls, 50c, White Orpington chicks, 50c; first diploma on incubator; total premiums, $4.

Mrs. Caroline Washburn, first on string peppers, premium 50c.

E. G Washburn, second on embroidered sofa pillow, premium 25c.

H. C. Wells, first on four-year-old gelding roadster in harness, premium $4.

Mrs. H. C. Wells, first on can peaches, 50c; second on currant jelly, 25c, can pears, 25c; total premiums, $1.

Mrs. S. D. Weaver, first on mountmellick embroidered centre piece, premium 50c.

B. F. Williams, first on white corn, 50c; three heads of celery, 50c, harvest cabbage, 50c, six onions, 50c; second on white cabbage, 25c, six tomatoes, 25c, largest tomatoes, 25c, collection named peppers, 25c, largest peppers, 25c, largest pumpkin, 25c, largest squash, 25c; total premiums, $3.75.

D. C. Young, first on pure bred Guernsey bull, $6, two heads of white cabbage, 50c, three white cucumbers, 50c, early Maine potatoes, 60c, Early Ohio potatoes, 60c; total premiums, $8.20.

Young & Reeves, second on yellow corn, premium 25c.

Young & Firman, second on Northern Spy apples, premium 25c.

The money for premiums can be had now by calling at the office of the Association

Bad Fire Narrowly Averted.

Fire was discovered in the home of Ross Clark on Main street about 12:30 Sunday afternoon and an alarm brought the hose company to the scene but a few pails of water were thrown on to the flames and their services were not needed. Just how the fire originated is not known but is supposed that a curtain took fire from a stove in the kitchen and when discovered the room was enveloped in flames. The damage to the building which is owned by Mrs. Mary A. Backus, is estimated at $40, while Mr. Clark's is placed at $75 with no insurance on either.

It was fortunate that the fire was discovered in time or there might have been one of the worst fires in the history of the town. The building situated as it is between the residence of Mrs. Backus and a large store building nothing could have prevented the total destruction of these buildings and perhaps others that are in close proximity.

One Dollar For Every Six Words.

Think of getting a dollar bill every time you wrote six words! And yet this is exactly what Conan Doyle, known the world over by his "Sherlock Holmes" and "White Company" stories has just been paid for his latest and (what he himself says is) his masterwork. This new $25,000 story, a companion to his "White Company," is called "Sir Nigel," and the readers of The Philadelphia Sunday Press may expect the greatest treat of their lives on Sunday, December 3, in which issue this thrilling new romance begins exclusively. Don't fail to get The Sunday Press that Sunday and every Sunday so long as this great story continues.

These cold nights are just the time your horse needs a stable blanket. Ask your horse then see Holmes & Gilfillan about it.

Printzess coats fit right. Don yours at Lindholm's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

(Continued from last week.)

It is long since one has passed away who filled so large a space in the society of Smethport, and while we mourn the death of one so well beloved with more than passing sorrow, and strew her grave with roses and amaranth, it cheers us and consoles us to think that though her career is ended she has passed to a diviner land, to that realm of immortality and beauty where loveliness never perishes and affections never die.

We are under renewed obligations to our friend, H. V. Redfield, Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, for a copy of a book lately written by himself, entitled "Homicide North and South," and published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. It is a very neatly gotten up volume of 207 pages, and treats entirely upon the subject which the title denotes.

Tyler.—At Griswold, Conn., on Oct. 19, 1880, Thomas S. Tyler, in the 82nd year of his age. Mr. Tyler was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Gardner Barrett of this place.

The Eldred Eagle announces the marriage of Dr. L. Balfour of Eldred and Miss Elizabeth J. Hunt of Port Allegany. (Oct. 1880)

Monday, Oct. 18, 1880, Constable G. H. Thorn brought one Austin Vandermark to Smethport from Lafayette and incarcerated him in the county jail for safe keeping. It appears that on Wednesday of last week a little child of four and a half years of age, Allie Cooley of Rixeyville, was visiting at a neighbors and being timid about going through the woods alone, this brute in human form volunteered his services as an escort, and while gathering chestnuts along the road he made an indecent assault upon the little girl. He was caught in the act by a man, but nothing was said until last Saturday when the child informed her mother. As soon as it became public the fiend was confronted of the crime and acknowledged it. He was informed that it would be made rather warm for him if he hung around that locality and he at once started for the woods.

Saturday night indignation was at its highest pitch and about fifty men armed themselves with every available weapon and started in hot pursuit after the fiend. They scoured the woods but without success Officer Thorn took a route that would bring him out at Crawford station, and arrived at that place just before the morning train and found the man making preparations to take the cars. He returned to Lafayette with his prisoner and kept him until he had a chance to bring him here.

The little girl was not injured but no knowing how serious the affair might have been had not the brute been discovered in his attempt. Threats of lynching were freely made and the prisoner was as anxious to be put in a safe place as the citizens of Lafayette were to have him,

Died.—At the residence of her father Eugene Daily of Keating township, Saturday evening Oct. 23, 1880, Catherine, wife of Manford Bartlett, aged 30 years and 6 months.

She was buried in Rose Hill cemetery last Monday afternoon. She leaves a husband to mourn his irreparable loss and an infant several weeks old, which is left in the care of very kind friends

Prayer at the house and burial services by Rev. W. B. Wagner, who will also preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion next Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. in the Methodist Episcopal church.

About 12 o'clock Monday night, Nov. 1, 1880, a barn belonging to W. L. Taylor, on King street, was discovered to be on fire. The flames had got under too much headway to save anything and a horse, buggy and the entire contents were consumed by the devouring element in a very short time. Mr Taylor was in the barn at six o'clock in the evening, and cannot account for it other than the work of an incendiary. It is but a few months since his blacksmith shop was burned. We understand there was an insurance on the barn of $300.

Saturday, Oct. 16, 1880, Mr. Michael Welsh of Colegrove met with a very painful accident. He is a teamster at that station and was drawing lumber. A car load was standing on the track and Mr. Welsh in attempting to pull out the end stakes met his sad fate. He had loosened one end and undertook to do the same with the other, hitting the stake with an axe, the huge pile gave way crushing Mr. Welsh to the ground, leaving nothing but his head uncovered. Quite a large crowd soon gathered near the helpless man and as soon as possible relieved him from his perilous position. He was brought to Smethport and is now being taken care of at the residence of Mr. Grumbine.

The doctor says he is doing as well as could be expected after receiving such severe wounds, and thinks, if he recovers at all he will never be able to do the work he has been accustomed to, but may recover sufficiently to be around.

Palmer Awarded $5847.

The case of Willett S. Palmer against the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad company was tried at the regular term of civil court last week.

The case was of especial interest to people of this vicinity as W. S. Palmer, a resident of Smethport, is widely known and the accident which deprived him of one foot and injured the other was an especially deplorable one.

W. S. Palmer was in the employ of the railroad company as a fireman. On Sept. 17, 1903, he was not working on account of bad weather and started to ride to Larabee on a local passenger train. At Corydille the train crew were doing some switching when Mr. Palmer started to pass from the box car, which was used on the run as a combination baggage and smoking car, to the passenger coach. Just as he was in the act of stepping from one car to the other, part of the train bumped into these cars for a coupling, and as there was no platform or railing on the box car, Mr. Palmer was thrown beneath the train. In falling he managed to hurl himself in such a way that the wheels only caught him at the ankles. His left leg was almost severed at the ankle and was amputated as soon as the unfortunate man was brought to Smethport. The right foot was badly cut and bruised.

The victim of the accident brought suit against the railroad company for $30,000. The case was called before the court last Friday and the evidence was listened to with great interest by a large crowd of spectators. At the conclusion of the trial Saturday forenoon the jury after about two hours deliberation returned a verdict awarding $5,847 to the plaintiff.

A Narrow Escape.

Mr. Demming, of Sartwell Creek, made an almost miraculous escape from death Tuesday afternoon, and he will long remember his frightful experience. Mr. Demming was crossing the Pennsylvania railroad track with a team on Mill street, Port Allegany, at about 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and the rig was struck by the "flyer." Both the horses were killed and the wagon was wrecked. Mr. Demming was thrown high in the air by the impact and fell back upon the track in front of the locomotive. The train was slowing down for a stop at the station, but the engine and baggage car passed over Mr. Demming, rolling him along between the rails for 250 feet before the train was brought to a standstill. Spectators believed that Mr. Demming was ground to death under the wheels, but he crawled from under the baggage car at the station, unharmed except for several superficial bruises.—Bradford Record.

"The Village Parson."

"The Village Parson" will enact his life's story to all who may flock to the Lyceum where the company has an engagement on Wednesday evening, Nov 29. In this production, there is much religious and dramatic emotion, and the piece is remarkably clean and lofty in detail. Church going people can well draw a parallel between some of our latter day saints and the ideal village preacher, who is not given to fickle vanities as portrayed by the Rev. Tom Godley. Church people, who sneer at the stage would do well to see "The Village Parson" and learn therefrom the art of forebearance and true Christianity. Every one of the four acts has a touching climax that brings copious tears. Then again, the comedy element assists in the interest of the even performance. All in all, "The Village Parson" is a true dramatic treat.

Holiday Recipes.

It may be remembered that with a former Thanksgiving number of the Philadelphia Sunday Inquirer a cook book was issued as a special supplement and the entire edition was sold out early in the day.

So great was the demand and so many requests have since been received for copies that The Inquirer now makes the announcement that it has had prepared a new cook book of thirty-two pages, filled with the newest, well-tried and up-to-date recipes handsomely printed and tastefully illustrated in colors.

This will be given away free with every copy of the great Thanksgiving number of The Philadelphia Sunday Inquirer, next Sunday, Nov. 26, and if the former success is an indication, there will be a record-breaking demand for this issue. It would seem to be the part of wisdom to order it in advance.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 18, 1905:

Thomas Armstrong, Dr. J. W. Rockover, Albert B. Benny, Mrs. Wm. Clegg, Mrs. Bessie Dugan, Miss Frances Dunn, Mrs. M. Delavey, Miss Katie Finn, George Ferris, Arthur Houdon, David Hoover (2), Jesse Robinson, Albert Thompson. Foreign — Luigio Giuffe.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Several Injured in Accident.

One of the worst accidents in recent years in Bradford was that at Caldwell & Co.'s foundry on Saturday afternoon when one man was terribly burned and two others seriously burned, and a score more or less injured by flying showers of molten iron. Workmen were in the act of casting a six-ton hydraulic press. Two great hot ladles of molten iron had been poured into the mould and the men were completing the work of filling by the use of hand ladles. Martin Hickey was pouring his ladleful of iron into the hole when something gave way underneath the mould, and instantly a loud explosion was heard and the great mass of molten iron was sent in every direction. Hickey received the force of it. He was burned on the head, body, arms and legs and his clothing caught fire. He rushed screaming and rolled in a pile of sand and dirt and the burning clothing was extinguished. Other men near by also were struck by the flying liquid iron and wherever it hit a deep burn resulted. In case excitement prevailed in the big foundry where a hundred or more men are employed, but the cooler ones immediately sent for ambulances and Koch's and Still's ambulances were soon on the scene, and Martin Hickey and Alfred Webb, the latter badly burned about the feet and body were taken to the hospital. Carriages were ordered and men less badly injured were taken to their homes. Anthony Knapp, the foreman, had the heel of one foot almost burned off and he was painfully burned about the body. J. D. Larkin, of Bank street, had his heels burned, and his back and arms burned in about 30 places. John Baker was seriously burned about the body and feet. The other men who were burned were able to continue their work.—Bradford Era.

Baptist Church Notes.

Baptist church services next Sunday, morning worship at 10:45, "The Life More Abundant—Its Possession and Effect;" Bible School at noon; Junior C. E. at 4 and Y. P. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Evening worship at 7:30, subject, "The Ideal Fireman and His Characteristics." The Smethport Fire Department has been invited to attend in a body. The public cordially invited—strangers gladly welcomed.

Preaching at East Smethport next Sunday p. m. at 3, by Rev. Day, subject "Wages and Gift."

The Bottle Blowers Union have accepted an invitation to attend worship in the Baptist church, Sunday evening, Dec. 3. We are informed that the window Glass Workers' union is to be invited for the evening of Sunday, Dec. 10, the I. O. O. F. Dec. 17 and the F. & A. M. for the 24th.

At the Methodist Church.

Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, class meeting; at 10:30 morning worship, topic for sermon "The Veterans of the Cross;" 11:45, Sunday school, lesson for the day "Abstinence for the Sake of Others;" Sunday evening Epworth League at 6:30, topic "God's Wonderful Works," leader, Miss Octavia Raymer; evening worship at 7:30, sermon theme "A Great Curse."

To-morrow afternoon at 3:45 the Juniors will begin their work for the winter. The meetings will be held in the chapel and the work will be divided into kindergarten, primary and junior grades and will be in charge of Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Foster, the Misses Freeman, Miss Gleason and Miss Foster.

Chautauqua Circle Program.

Dec. 4.—Roll call. Current events. Italian Cities, Chapter VI, Miss Rubin. Studies in the poetry of Italy, Book II, Chap. II, Miss Biever. Spirit of the Orient, Japan I, Nellie Musser. Select Reading—Carrie Day.

Dec. 11—Roll call. Quotations from Dante's Inferno. Reading Longfellow's poem (Divine Comedy) Mrs. Richmond. Studies, Poetries of Italy, Book II, Chap. III, Mrs. Musser. Spirit of the Orient, Japan II, Miss Rubin.

Dec. 18—Roll call. Highways and Byways. Italian Cities, Chap. VII, Mable Day. Studies in Poetry of Italy, Book II, Chap. IV, Mrs. Brownell. Select Reading, Miss Biever. Spirit of the Orient, Japan III, Mrs. Bisset.

He Played the Races.

Occasionally a man turns up who plays the races and wins, says the Bradford Era. Frank Eughind of Washington, D. C., was without funds last spring and out of work. He had just 75 cents in his pocket after reaching Gravesend race track. He bought a ticket and made $80. Next day he tried again and won. All summer he patronized the bookmakers, and in an interview on Monday he stated that he had cleaned up, during the season, $150,000. Of course it was very wrong for him to make wagers on the ponies, but he insists that betting on the races is just as legitimate a business as betting on cotton or any other speculative commodity.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEMMLER.

Maloney shoes all come from Lindholm's.

A Runaway Thanksgiving

By EMILIA ELLIOTT

Copyright, 1905, by Charles N. Lurie.

"YOU are going up for the Fuller house party?" Jack asked.

Terry nodded. "And you?"

"I go where you go, my lady."

Terry sighed. "There'll be the same crowd, the same old round. Jack, did you ever have a real true Thanksgiving—the kind one reads about?"

"I reckon I just did—the year the folks were in Europe and I was sent to Aunt Hannah's. Thought I'd struck an earthly paradise for once."

"Tell me about it, please," Terry leaned forward. It was not often nowadays that her eyes betrayed as much interest in what Jack had to say. He made the most of the opportunity, dwelling long on the simple, old fashioned observances that had served to make that day stand out still in his memory.

Terry drew a long breath as he finished. "You've described it perfectly. The very Thanksgiving I've been wanting all my life."

Jack was watching by the entrance to the depot when Terry and her maid appeared on Wednesday. His air of unconcern in nowise deceived Terry. He took her checks and hurried off to see about tickets.

As the train drew slowly out of the station Jack said exultingly, "Off for our Thanksgiving!"

Toward late in the afternoon the train pulled up before a little country station.

Jack started from his place. "Come out on the platform, won't you, Terry? I want to show you something."

Jack pointed to a road on the other side of the track. "Three miles in that direction and you come to Aunt Hannah's."

Jack sprang down from the car. "Let's run across to the other side and take a look at things."

Taken by surprise, Terry consented.

Five minutes later Terry started as a whistle sounded some distance beyond them.

"Jack, we're forgetting all about the train."

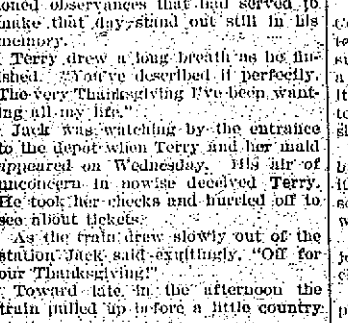
"No, we're not," Jack answered as he followed her back to the track, deserted now as the road itself. "It left a moment after we got off. I was afraid you'd hear it."

"When is the next train?"

"Eleven tonight. However, it does not concern us in the least. We are going to spend Thanksgiving at Aunt Hannah's. I wired her yesterday to expect us this afternoon. I don't understand why the carriage isn't waiting," Jack said. "We'll have to hire a rig. Go in by the stove, Terry, and I'll have one here directly."

When Jack came back she met his smiling "All right" with the reply that in her estimation it was all wrong. She meant to wait here at the station for the next down train to the city.

"Terry," Jack said in the tone of quiet command she had not heard since they were boy and girl together,



"WE'LL HAVE TO HIRE A RIG."

"you and I are going to Aunt Hannah's. I'll send a message to Mrs. Fuller quieting her fears. Friday we'll go on there."

Terry glanced beyond him to where the man waited to drive them, glanced down the road leading to Aunt Hannah's—glanced and wavered.

"It was outrageously presumptuous of you, Jack," she said as he settled the buffalo robes snugly about her.

It didn't take long to cover those three miles. "It's a pleasant looking place," Terry said when they stopped before a rambling old farmhouse, "but how shut up!"

Jack's vigorous use of the front door knocker was without result. He tried the side door with no better success. Then he tried the back door.

Three minutes later the side door was thrown open from the inside, and Jack stood, smiling triumphantly on the threshold.

Terry followed him into the low, square sitting room, sinking with a cry of pleasure into the big cushioned rocker. "Jack, where is Aunt Hannah?"

"Unfortunately for all parties, my esteemed relative is not at home; went away Tuesday most unexpectedly before my telegram got here. That remarkable specimen of the antique, her handmaid, the venerable Betsy Ann, is in charge."

Terry looked about her regretfully. "It's too bad you paid the man off before you found all this out."

Jack buttoned his coat and took up his hat. "I'll be back in half an hour, Terry. You won't be lonesome. Betsy Ann will be in presently."

"Where are you going?" Terry interrupted. "Jack, we can't stay here."

"I have heard it asserted, chiefly in my younger days, that there is no such word as 'can't,'" Jack remarked. "I will procure a substitute for Aunt Hannah in the person of Cousin Martha."

He hurried laughingly away. Terry watched him from the window with troubled eyes.

It had all been so sudden, so confusing, like one of those madcap adventures of the old days. It would have been wild enough if Aunt Hannah had been home. Still there was no special harm in it and the prospect of much enjoyment. It was out of the rut, decidedly so. Cousin Martha would look after them. Bit by bit the doubt vanished from the girl's eyes, crowded out altogether, with the laughter filling them, by the time she turned to greet Betsy Ann.

Betsy Ann stood in need of considerable reassurance. The credit of the house was at stake, and she felt her powers unequal to the crisis.

Having in some measure conquered Betsy Ann's misgivings, Terry sighed for Marie and her boxes. She wanted to slip off her heavy fuller made for one of her pretty house gowns. "I do wish I had my things," she said.

Betsy Ann, anxious to return kindness for kindness, beckoned mysteriously.

Jack's half hour lengthened into two. Cousin Martha, sipping a quiet cup of tea in her little sitting room, was so surprised by the sudden appearance of a young gentleman on the scene that it was some time before she was able to grasp his errand; longer yet before she could come to a definite conclusion.

She wouldn't like to disappoint Jack, but she didn't calculated on going visiting. She had a cold and headachy sort of feeling. Who was it he'd got with him, anyway?

"Some one who's never had a real jolly Thanksgiving," Jack said mischievously.

Cousin Martha had a vision of some poor city waif whom Jack had picked up out of charity. The Harveys were all charitable, but in the men folks it frequently took the form of impulsiveness.

"Well, I'll have to oblige you," she said and went nervously off to make her preparations.

A cheerful light shone out from Aunt Hannah's sitting room as the two rode up in the black twilight. There was the sound of singing.

Jack opened the door, then stood still in wonder.

Terry in old fashioned gown of plum colored cashmere opening in front over cherry silk of hand embroidered linen, yellow now from disuse, her dark hair piled high over tall old tortoise shell comb, made a pretty sight as she courtesied demurely.

Cousin Martha stared in amazement. "You ain't telling me," she cried, seizing hold of Jack, "that you've let that strange child dress up in your Aunt Hannah's mother's things, and she from no one knows what kind of miserable place"—

Terry drew back in astonishment. Jack made haste to explain the young lady's true standing in society.

Cousin Martha's confusion was pitiable. She apologized profusely.

She made her escape on the plea of seeing about supper, in reality to get Betsy Ann's opinion of these queer acting city folks.

Betsy Ann admitted that in her day young people didn't go cheering round the country like wild. But she guessed there wasn't any harm in 'em. She'd go bond for Master Jack, and the gal was a cousin of his.

After supper Terry was summoned to a consultation in the kitchen from which Jack was rigorously excluded. She came back after awhile laughing. "I'm fairly worn out," she told Jack, "with trying to conceal my ignorance in matters culinary."

Thanksgiving morning Terry awoke to find the world white with snow, her window panes frosted, the water in her pitcher a solid cake of ice. She nestled down in the unaccustomed feather bed trying to screw her courage up to make the plunge and longing sadly for Marie and all the pleasant familiar comforts of her ordinary life.

There was a knock at the door, a fine, resounding knock, and Betsy Ann entered. "I've brought you some hot water," she said, feeling herself uncommonly thoughtful. "It's most half after 7, and the sassiges waitin' ter be fried."

Terry found Jack walking nimblessly about the sitting room.

"Good morning," she said. "You don't look quite happy somehow."

"Jove, it's cold!" he said after returning her greeting.

"Arcadia has its limitations," Terry laughed.

But they both brought wonderful new appetites to that country breakfast of sausages and buckwheat cakes with homemade sirup.

Cousin Martha did not appear. Her cold was worse. Perhaps she'd get up later and perhaps she wouldn't.

Betsy Ann reported her to be only "middlin' bad. Marthy Clow allays did give up powerful easy. No need to worry 'bout her."

With Cousin Martha out of the running, Terry found her services in demand. Even Jack was allowed to crack nuts and polish apples.

The big kitchen was a busy spot that morning. Terry, enveloped in a big blue checked apron, developed a real knack at things, according to Betsy Ann.

"If I'd only known," Betsy Ann mourned. "But I never dreamed o' folks comin'. Me and Jim wouldn't 've wanted a big set-out. Turkey and pie would 've done for us. But a puddin' o' some sort you shall have, Master Jack. And we'll scare a fair dinner even if 'tis on short notice."

Terry laid the table, going into raptures over Aunt Hannah's dinner set of old blue canton. There were no flowers for the centerpiece, but she piled high the rosy apples with the oranges Jack sent to the village for.

"Cousin Martha says she'll try to get up to dinner," Terry told Jack about noon.

Jack glanced at the table, coolly laid for two. "She must do nothing of the sort," he said. "Tell her I forbid her taking such a risk."

Jack's dictum carried weight, the more as it coincided with Cousin Martha's own views.

Dinner was at 2. Just before, Terry came into the sitting room. Quaint and charming as she had been in the plum colored cashmere, she was a still daintier figure now in stately black brocade and soft old lace.

Jack could not keep his eyes off her as he offered his arm to take her out to dinner.

The creamed oysters came first, served in a tureen so capacious that Terry was quite hidden behind it, much to Jack's disgust.

His turn of eclipse came with the entrance of the turkey, a fine, brown

"SUPPOSE YOU LET ME TRY."

coated fellow with a generous spray of green parsley on his breast.

Jack's face as he surveyed the creature and realized he was expected to carve it was too much for Terry's gravity.

The storm had increased since morning. Jack gleefully reported Jim's predictions as to its lasting several days and tying up traffic. "I'm having the time of my life," he declared. "It's the dandiest Thanksgiving I ever knew."

No doubt as to that being a real Thanksgiving dinner—oysters, turkey, sweet and white potatoes, squash, turnips, boiled onions, gravy, homemade pickles and preserves, cranberries and new bread, both white and brown.

They did their best, Jack sacrificing himself nobly. But Betsy Ann's face sobered when she came to clear away. "I was afraid my cookin' wouldn't suit," she sighed.

It took all Terry's wiles and Jack's blandishments to restore her cheerfulness.

"The fun isn't over," Jack confided to Terry. "By her long grey beard and glittering eye, I mistrust Betsy Ann is already meditating supper!"

"Jack, use moral suasion; read the riot act; threaten her with the powers of the law"—

"I'll tell her we'll ask for something when we're hungry."

"I must offer to help with the dishes," Terry followed him.

Betsy Ann scorned the offer. "It 'll do me heaps more good to have you children settin' in there talkin' nice and loverlike."

Terry retreated hastily. Jack lingered to ask if he might smoke just one cigar.

Betsy Ann decided he might, Miss Hannah being miles away. There 'd be time to get the place aired out before she got back.

The dark came on early. Jack kept the great fire at a red glow, scouting Betsy Ann's offer of a lamp.

"Hasn't it been jolly?" he asked. "Aren't you glad you came?"

"Yes," Terry said slowly. "You couldn't have planned a nicer Thanksgiving."

"Suppose you let me try"— He drew his chair nearer. "Terry, you shan't put me off any longer."

Terry sat quite still. In the dim firelight her face did not look very forbidding.

Betsy Ann, coming into the next room softly and catching the low, determined tones, nodded and was well satisfied.

Friday afternoon the truants reached the Fullers'. A laughing crowd gathered about them in the great entrance hall.

"Left behind, snow bound. You have had a time," their hostess said sympathetically.

"Never had such a time before in my life," Jack vowed, his eyes seeking Terry's.

"Were there many there?" a girl asked.

"Not what you might call a crowd."

"How came you to get left?"

"Stepped out to look around, and then"— Jack waved his hands expressively.

"Jack," Terry said, finding him alone later, "after all, I didn't see Aunt Hannah."

"The play of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out," Jack murmured.

That was last Thanksgiving. This year they are going to carry out Jack's ideas for that even better day. It will be a dinner a deux, and an old fashioned one at that.

Nature.

There are no genuine native words in the Japanese language to correspond with our words "nature" and "art," Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, for a score of years professor of Japanese in the Imperial university at Tokyo, regards the absence of the word "art" as a weakness. He thinks the absence of a word for "nature" may be quite the opposite. "Nature" he regards as a Proteus, at times a deistic synonym or euphemism for the Creator, at other times the beings or things created, or the universe with man left out, or the impulses of man as opposed to his conscious acts, or that which is reasonable and proper, or, again, with theologians exactly the opposite. "In short," says the professor, "the word 'nature' stands for everything in general and for nothing in particular, impossible to define and serving only as a will-o'-the-wisp to mislead metaphysically minded persons."—Impressions Quarterly.

Every Swedish girl not born to wealth is taught a trade of some kind.

QUEER OLD PAGEANTS

SOME ANCIENT FESTIVALS AND THEIR STRANGE CEREMONIES.

The Peculiar One That Commemorated the Flight Into Egypt—Twelfth Day and Plow Monday Celebrations in England.

England has had her miracle plays from very early times, and many of them, intended to impress Scriptural truths on the minds of the ignorant populace, were no doubt absurd and irreverent enough to our modern ideas, but none of them, one thinks, can have equaled in grossness the Festival of the Ass, which was instituted by the Patriarch Theophylact of Constantinople in commemoration of the flight into Egypt.

Every year on Jan. 14 an ass, on which a beautiful girl with a baby in her arms was seated, after having been led in solemn procession through the city, was taken into the church and placed near the high altar while the service was performed; but instead of giving the usual responses the people all brayed as loudly as they could. A hymn in praise of the ass was also sung, the congregation joining as lustily as they could in the hee haw chorus. This hymn is written in a strange mixture of French and mediæval Latin and consists of nine verses and a chorus. It has been translated, and we quote three of the verses so as to give some idea of its absurdity:

From the country of the east
Came this strong and handsome beast,
This able ass, beyond compare,
Heavy loads and packs to bear.
Now, seignior ass, a noble bray;
Thy beauteous mouth at large display.
Abundant food our bayloffs yield,
And oats abundant load the field.
Hee haw! Hee haw! Hee haw!

True it is his pace is slow
Till he feels the quickened blow,
Till he feels the urging goad
On his hinder part bestowed.
Now, seignior ass, etc.

With your belly full of grain,
Bray, most honored ass, amen!
Bray out loudly, bray again;
Never mind the old amen;
Without ceasing bray again;
Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen!
Hee haw! Hee haw! Hee haw!

The due observance of many of the old ceremonies was often made the occasion if not for what could, strictly speaking, be called a pageant, yet at least for a festive gathering of the whole neighborhood. The first known mention of the Dunmow flitch of bacon given to two people who would make oath that they had been married a year and a day and had never repented their choice, never had a quarrel and, if free to be married again, would choose the same persons, appears in Chaucer, where it is spoken of in the prologue to the "Wife of Bath's Tale" as of an already well known institution.

There are many other old English observances partaking of the nature of a kind of rude, rustic pageant, which with the decay of farming seem to be quite dying out. Such are the Twelfth day celebrations of Herefordshire, Gloucestershire and the eastern counties and the Festival of Plow Monday that was formerly held the first day that plowing was to recommence after the Christmas holidays.

Plow Monday was always the first Monday after Twelfth day and is a very ancient festival. Before the reformation the plowmen used to go from house to house collecting money to purchase candles to burn before certain of the statues in the churches with a view to obtaining a blessing on their labors. The reformation, we are told, put out the lights, but could not extinguish the festival. The plowmen still put on their clean white shirts over their jackets and bedizened themselves and their plows with ribbons, as they had formerly done, but now, instead of buying plow lights, as they were called, they purchased beer and ended the day in riotous conviviality at the public house.

A Lincolnshire man, who says that he has himself blown the horn at many of these rustic celebrations, tells us how there the plow is decorated and the plowmen, the thrashers, the reapers and the carters gathered from many a hamlet round, attired either in clean smock frocks or in grotesque garb, go about to the various houses of the locality singing and dancing and not forgetting to shake in a suggestive manner the money box, which is usually carried by a man called Bessy, disguised with long ringlets and petticoats over his worsted stockings and corduroys.—Macmillan's Magazine.

MADE TO ORDER BEAUTY.

Artificial Noses, Mouth Forcers and Dimple Denters.

The best artificial noses nowadays are made of papier maché, enameled. Such a nose is fastened to a spectacle frame sometimes for the sake of convenience and thus may be put on or removed at brief notice.

There is a patented contrivance, somewhat resembling a clothespin, for attachment to the nose to give to the organ a proper taper. Another device is supposed to improve the lines of the mouth.

Not a few people have no roofs to their mouths, having been born without any, or in other cases having lost them by disease. For such unfortunates artificial mouth roofs made of galvanized rubber are furnished.

There is a patented device for cleaning the tongue, consisting of a knife with a concave edge to which a sort of sponge brush is attached. When one is not well one's tongue is liable to be disagreeably coated, but the annoyance may be removed by means of the instrument described.

If you desire dimples you may wear a certain kind of wire mask at night to which are attached blunt wooden points that may be caused by the help of screws to press upon the points where the dimples are wanted. Thus after awhile the dimples are made to appear.

When a man says, "Of course it's no business of mine," it is a sure sign that he is going to do the best he can to make it his business.

THE MUSSULMAN.

His Devotion Is Intense and He Is Proud of His Religion.

A traveler in Africa writes: "This is a land of religion. The Mussulman's devotion is intense, ever present and all pervading, being not an accessory tacked on, as it were, to his life to be practiced more or less surreptitiously, but an essential part, wherewith and whereon he lives at all times. A Mussulman prays openly and publicly, in nowise afraid to be seen. Every man wears his string of beads whereon he records the number of his daily prayers. Notwithstanding its, to us, unsightly appearance, the religion he wears and still is making great strides in Africa, and one can only attribute this to the fact that here at last is a religion of which its adherents are in no way ashamed. It offers to the faithful absolute assurance of salvation and enjoyment that blind, unhesitating faith therein which is so comforting to the native mind.

"Seeing a crowd of pilgrims bound for Mecca patiently—nay, with pleasure—enduring the worst treatment that one could imagine meted out to herds of driven slaves; one envies the excess of faith that can engender such a disposition. Though robbed, shin, starved, herded with pestilence and subjected to countless hardships and annoyances, yet year after year they come from far and near thousands and tens of thousands strong on this the most wonderful and far reaching of latter day pilgrimages.

"At Jeddah one sees pilgrims from all corners of the globe—Dutch subjects from Java, Chinese from Pekin, shiploads from India and Further India, Russian subjects from all parts of the great empire, French subjects from Algiers, from Morocco and dusky negroes who have tramped for months from the western shores of Africa. Through many lands and midst many tongues they come, all to meet at this thronged center of the maelstrom of the Mussulman faith."

GREEK ATHLETES.

The Way They Ran and the Style of Track They Used.

"In the foot races of the ancient Greeks," says a writer, "the shape of the stadium caused a great difference, since it was not circular, but long and narrow, with one or both ends semicircular. Consequently the runners had to take a sharp turn at the end of each lap, while except at the turn they were running a straight course. Evidently this turn needed much practice, for the pictures on old old vases show athletes practicing this one part of the race as a kind of drill, taking each movement separately.

"In early times, when all the runners turned round the same post, the turn gave opportunities for foul play, and there are stories of one competitor tripping another at the post or seizing him by the hair to prevent his winning. But later, in the shorter distances at least, each runner had his own track and post to turn round, and probably the separate courses were roped off in much the same way as they are now in sprint races. For the start elaborate arrangements were made and at Olympia the stone slabs are still to be seen, with the grooves at regular intervals that had to be toed at starting.

"Greek long distance men ran in the most approved style of the present day. But the sprinters apparently employed a considerable amount of arm action and took very long steps, rising well on to the toes. Then there was the race in armor, an event highly praised by several of the Greek writers as a valuable preparation for war and which is supposed to explain the famous running charge of the Athenians at Marathon."

A Literary Coincidence.

"My father, W. Clark Russell," said Herbert Russell in telling of a literary coincidence, "had finished maturing the plot of his novel, 'The Death Ship,' which is a version of the legend of Vanderdecken. I was his amanuensis at the time. He said to me, 'Tomorrow we will begin the story.' On the following morning when I entered his study to take his dictation of the opening lines he showed me a letter he had just received. It was from W. S. Gilbert, the well known dramatist, asking him why he did not write a novel about the Flying Dutchman."

Funerals in the Highlands.

A Scottish correspondent writes of funerals in the highlands: "There are no undertakers here. A carpenter makes the simple coffin, relatives and friends carry it, hip high, to its last resting place, which is dug when the end of the journey is reached, and, having walked perhaps six miles to the chosen kirkyard, they take a refreshment of sandwiches and whisky and walk home again. The rigorous absence of pomp is maintained, but there is the added embellishment of pipe music."

Got Near to Them.

An English druggist gives the following list of blunders made by his poorer customers: "Catch an eel" for cochineal; "prosperous paste" for phosphorus paste; "grease it" for creosote; "fishy water" for vichy water; "guitar" for catarrh; "everlasting" for effervescing.

Force of Habit.

"How many times has your husband been under the knife?"

"Dear me, I don't know; but he's become so accustomed to it that he lies down to be operated on every time he sees a doctor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Common Misquotation.

One of the commonest of misquotations is, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." The words "form of" are interpolated in the original, which was contributed to literature by C. C. Colton, author of "The Lacon."

A Seat in Church.

Visitor—Will you tell me where I shall find a seat? Verger—Weel, sir, there's a guid wheen vecsitors in Inverness the noo, so sit whaur ye can see yer umbrella.—Punch.

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It proves successful in cases where all other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 30 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice on the treatment of various diseases. Write also for an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y.

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Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

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HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

A NIGHTMARE

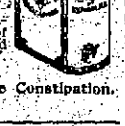
Gives point to the fact that excessive or irregular eating disturbs the digestion. Nightmare or night hag has its day time correspondence in the undue fullness after eating, with the belchings and sour or bitter rising so often experienced after too hasty or too hearty eating.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia or bad stomach. When the weak stomach is strengthened and invigorated the whole body shares in the increased strength derived from food properly digested and perfectly assimilated.

"I was a victim of sleeplessness and extreme nervousness induced by chronic indigestion and I felt heavy, tired and worn out continually," writes Miss Mary Smith of 1013 No. Wahsatch Street, Colorado Springs, Colo. "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was the only medicine which relieved me. While in a week after I began using it that heavy oppressed feeling after meals had left me, and I found that I was able to sleep better than for months previously. My appetite was gradually restored, general system was toned up, nervousness became a thing of the past and I have now been in splendid health for over nine months."

Sometimes a selfish dealer tempted by the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines will offer the customer a substitute as being "just as good" as the "Discovery." It may be better for him because it pays better, but it is not as good for you, if you want the medicine that has cured others, and which you believe will cure you.

1000-page Doctor Book sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover postage only; 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Formerly sold for $1.50 to extent of over 500,000 copies. Every family should possess a copy for reference in case of sudden illness or accident. It is illustrated with hundreds of wood-cuts and several colored plates. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 16, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—J. Colegrove has a change of ad. in this issue.

—See "The Sign of the Four" at the Lyceum to-night.

—Port Allegany is to have a furniture factory and a company has been organized capitalized at $10,000.

—The postoffice at Prentiss Vale, this county, has been discontinued and its patrons are now being served by rural free delivery.

—The first annual show of the McKean County Poultry and Pet Stock Association will be held at Bradford during the week commencing Jan. 29.

—Miss Bessie Curran just received from the Hatch Music Co. of Philadelphia, a diploma for the completion of Grade No. 1 of the National Graded Course.

—The locomotives, cabooses and stations of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad are draped in mourning, in honor of the late Major John Byrne, chairman of the board of directors of the Shawmut company.

—Three boys, Thomas Ashton, Jr., Biron and Walter McClellan of Mt. Jewett, have confessed to being the lads who did the malicious damage at the school house there last Hallowe'en and their parents saved them by paying the damages.

—It is not generally known, says a writer, that it is against the law to scratch a match on one of Uncle Sam's mail boxes, but such is the case. Any marring or mutilation whatever is a misdemeanor. The same measures are now in effect in respect to rural routes.

—"The Village Parson" will be the attraction at the Lyceum on Wednesday evening, Nov. 29th. This beautiful drama has appeared before Smethport audiences on other occasions and has given the best of satisfaction and no doubt will draw a large audience on this return engagement.

—John Maloney, a demented man, escaped from the county home last Monday and put up in the city bungalow here that night under charge of Chief Ives. He had learned that they were going to take him to Warren, and he flew. The chief escorted him to Smethport Tuesday and turned him over to the authorities.—Eldred Eagle.

—A farmer residing near Mercer, says the Western Press, made up a bill of groceries amounting to $20 from the list of a department store in Chicago, and was about to send the order and money when it occurred to him to ask a local dealer how much he would take and put up the goods. No mention was made of sending the order away, and the grocer figured up the list at regular prices. His figures were a few cents less than $18. There is a moral in this.

—The Commissioner of Health, Samuel G. Dixon, has established the following stations in this county for the free distribution of antitoxin. The antitoxin is curative and immunizing, doses may be secured by physicians at these depots after they have certified to the distributer that no charge for the serum is to be made and that the financial circumstances of the patients are such as to make the expense of the antitoxin burdensome. Bradford, Thompson & Wood; Smethport, L. K. Hogarth; Mt. Jewett, F. E. Brown; Kane, Kane Drug Company; Port Allegany, J. H. Williams; Duke Centre, John C. Mills.

Exact Reasoning.

Here is a bit of exact reasoning on the part of a little schoolgirl. The teacher wished to impress the idea of the wrong of idleness. He led up to it by asking who were the persons who got all they could and did nothing in return. For some time there was silence, but at last the little girl, who had obviously reasoned out the answer inductively from her own home experiences, exclaimed, with a good deal of confidence, "Please, sir, it's the baby!"

His Object.

"I can recommend you to a good lawyer."

"All right, but don't let him be too good. I'm trying to conduct my business so as to keep out of jail, not so as to go to heaven."—Houston Post.

The Start.

Judge—Were you present when the trouble started between the man and his wife? Witness—Yessir. I was at dere weddin', ef dat's what yo' means, sah.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Lost.

When a fellow has discovered that a hole in his trousers pocket it is nearly impossible to get him to accept the scientific proposition that nothing is ever lost.

A Wonderful Theory.

Gladys—I don't like this egg, auntie. It's not good. Auntie—Nonsense, dear! It was only laid yesterday. Gladys—Well, then, it must have been laid by a bad hen.

Diet and Digestion.

Abstemiousness in diet is very conducive to a good digestion. It is preferable to be a little underfed than fed all over. Hence we come to one of the five causes of indigestion in the adult, too large a quantity of food. After an ordinary meal the food should all have left the stomach by the end of six or seven hours. If owing to an excessive quantity the stomach cannot deal with the amount some food remains in the stomach and ferments. This creates discomfort, pain, wind, nausea and perhaps vomiting, by means of which the abused stomach gets rid of its burden. If the sufferer is not thus fortunately sick the best thing he can do is to drink a large tumbler of lukewarm water, which will probably induce vomiting and so wash out the stomach. Half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda added to the fluid will cause still more relief. During the next twenty-four hours the lightest diet, such as a little toast and dried toast, some boiled rice, a little arrowroot or corn flour, should be taken.

Chotiahzree at the Gymkhana.

In "Modern India" the author, William Eleroy Curtis, records his meeting with the word gymkhana and "ventures to say that nobody who has not been in India can guess what that means."

And if you want another conundrum, what is a chotiahzree? It is customary for smart people to have their chotiahzree at the gymkhana, and I think you would be pleased to join them after taking the beautiful drive which leads to the place. Nobody knows where the word was derived from, but it is used to describe a country club—a bungalow hidden under a beautiful grove on the brow of a cliff that overhangs the bay—with all of the appurtenances, golf links, cricket grounds, racket courts and indoor gymnasium, and everybody stops there on an afternoon drive to have chotiahzree, which is the local term for afternoon tea and for early morning coffee.

Winding Your Watch.

The old superstitious belief that you will change your luck if you stop winding your watch at night and wind it in the morning has no foundation in fact, as those who say that the morning is the proper time to do the winding. This is not only because the hour of rising is for the most [illegible] the wear and tear of the day. In this condition the winding is apt to be done in a [illegible] "Nine people out of ten, when their watches go wrong, go to bed," said a jeweler, "but if they would do it when they get up, at some regular time in the process of making their toilet, they would do it much better."—Philadelphia Record.

Curious Almshouse.

The most curious almshouse in England is St. Mary's hospital at Chichester. There eight old ladies live actually in the church, which is a fine old building dating from 1680. It was originally a monastery, but when Queen Elizabeth came to visit there she turned it into an almshouse to endure as long as almshouses exist. The old ladies have two neat little rooms each down the sides of the main church, with windows looking out on the garden. They have each a coal supply, a kitchen range, water and gas. At one end of the church is the chapel, where daily services are held. The choir stalls are beautifully carved old oak, the original seats that the monks used. The church stands in a quiet little square.

An Old English Law.

An act of parliament, passed in the reign of George III. and which is still in force, exempts members of the yeomanry from the ballot for the militia, allows them to ride through a toll bar when in uniform without paying and also relieves them from the tax on powder for the hair. Such privileges were highly valued in 1804, when the act was passed; but, as yeomen are not now liable for the militia ballot, as toll bars have been abolished and as hair powder is no longer in request, these favors have ceased to have any practical value. Nevertheless, they still exist.—London Mail.

A Humble Archbishop.

Willegis, a famous archbishop of Mentz, rose to that elevated position from the very lowest ranks. He was the son of a poor carter, but was never ashamed of his parentage. He not only caused the following inscription to be placed conspicuously in his palace, "Willegis, remember thy parentage," but had the wheels of a cart hung up in the Cathedral of Mentz. From that time to this the arms of the see have borne the figure of a cart wheel.

The Word "Covey."

Long custom has practically limited the word "covey" to association with the partridge, although it has always been used with grouse and ptarmigan. Beaumont and Fletcher, however, spoke of "covey of fiddlers" and Thackeray of a "covey of trumps." The word means properly a brood, hatching, coming through the French "couver," to sit (of a hen bird), from the Latin "cubare," to recline, whence "incubate" also sprung.

Setting Him Right.

Father—Why, when I was your age I didn't have as much money in a month as you spend in a day. Son—Well, father, don't scold me about it. Why don't you talk to grandfather?

Trouble Ahead.

Mr. Jonx—Saw a man today who had trouble ahead of him. Mrs. Jonx—How did you know? Mr. Jonx—He was pushing a baby carriage containing twins.—Washington Star.

Just the Reverse.

Mrs. Naggs—I understand your husband is unable to meet his creditors. Mrs. Waggs—Don't you believe it. He can and does meet them much oftener than he cares to.

The Envious Woman.

The train had pulled out of the terminal, and the conductor was on his fare collecting tour. In one car there sat alone a woman dressed in deep mourning, her heavy veil having been lifted to allow a breath of air. When the conductor approached her the woman burst into tears.

As she cried as if her heart would burst the conductor asked her what was the matter. She solved this reply. "Ten years ago I took my first husband over this road to be cremated, five years ago I took my second husband on the same trip to the crematory, and now I am taking my third husband to be condemned to ashes."

Just then there were loud sobs heard coming from a seat on the opposite side of the car. The conductor turned and saw another woman crying. Approaching softly, he asked the weeping one, "What is the matter, madam?"

Taking her handkerchief from her eyes, the second in tears answered "That woman has husbands to burn while I can't get even one."—Philadelphia Record.

The Senses of the Word.

"She is a lady in every sense of the word," exclaimed Billkins.

"Then she is the most remarkable woman that ever lived," replied Johnson.

"What do you mean? Aren't there plenty of ladies in the world?"

"Yes, but not in every sense of the word. For instance, if the woman is what you say, she is not only a woman of good family or of good breeding and refinement, but she is also, according to the Century Dictionary, 'a sweetheart (local United States); a slate measuring about sixteen inches broad by ten long; the calcareous apparatus in the cardiac part of the stomach of the lobster, the function of which is the trituration of food.' And if she is all that her fortune is made in the museum line."

After that it was noted that Billkins usually pruned down the remark to "she is a lady," simply.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Solan Geese.

Richard Bell in his book, "My Strange Pets," tells of the solan geese, which in Great Britain in bygone days used to be salted and dried for human food. "Many years ago these dried geese found their way to the lowlands of Scotland and were used as an appetizer. A small portion when eaten before meals was supposed to tickle the appetite. In this connection I have heard a good story. A worthy farmer in the neighborhood gave a dinner party, and when the dinner was in progress he asked one of his guests if he would have 'another portion,' upon which the guest remarked, 'I think I will, as I et a bit o' solan goose afore I left hame and it has made me very hungry,' upon which his neighbor said, 'I dinna believe in these solan geese, for I et a hill yin afore I cam' awa' and I dinna feel a bit the hungrier.'"

The Books of Ancient Persia.

We know that the Moslems when they conquered Persia found in that country an innumerable quantity of books and scientific treatises and that their general, Said Ibn Abi Oueccas, asked Calif-h Omar by letter if he would allow him to distribute those books among the true believers with the rest of the booty. Omar answered him in those terms: "Throw them into the water. If they contain anything which can guide men to the truth we have received from God what will guide us much better. If they contain errors we shall be well rid of them, thank God!" In consequence of this order the books were thrown into the water and the fire, and the literature and science of the Persians disappeared.—Notices et Extraits.

The Atmosphere.

The earth's sensible atmosphere is generally supposed to extend some forty miles in height, probably farther, but becoming at only a few miles from the surface of too great a tenuity to support life. The condition and motions of this aerial ocean play a most important part in the determination of climate, modifying by absorbing the otherwise intense heat of the sun and when laden with clouds hindering the earth from radiating its acquired heat into space.—St. Louis Republic.

Too Serious.

While a great many persons probably take themselves too seriously, entertaining an altogether exaggerated opinion of their ability and worth, not many nowadays go to the extreme length of the German whom the English poet Coleridge met at Frankfort. He always took off his hat when he ventured to speak of himself. Were this practice to become general what a number of people would be permanently bareheaded!

Boarding a Hansom.

Have you ever noticed the right way to get into a hansom when two people are riding? Few persons know what to do. In nine cases out of ten the one who enters first seats himself on the off side. But this is wrong. If, on getting in first, you take the near seat, your companion can then enter in ease and comfort, which otherwise he could not.

To Waterproof Canvas.

Scientific American gives this recipe for waterproofing for canvas: Soft soap dissolved in hot water and a solution of iron sulphate added. The sulphuric acid combines with the potash of the soap and the iron oxide is precipitated with the fatty acid as insoluble iron-soap. This is washed and dried and mixed with linseed oil.

Masculine.

Mrs. Hix—Mrs. June strikes me as being entirely too masculine for a woman. Mrs. Dix—Yes, indeed. Why, every time she has an ache or a pain she makes as much fuss about it as a man would.

Discretion.

First Lawyer—It seems to me you let that last witness down pretty easily in your cross examination. Second Lawyer—I had to. He is my tailor, and I owe him a big bill.

Nature's Great Invention

On de banks oh de Amazon, far away, far away,
Whar Dr. Grech gits August Flowers to dis day;
An' picked dose flowers in August in ole Brazil,
An' ebber I'se a Yankee, oh longs to be dar still.

¶August Flower is the only medicine (free from alcoholic stimulants) that has been successful in keeping the entire thirty-two feet of digestive apparatus in a normal condition, and assisting nature's processes of digestion, separation and absorption—for building and re-building—by preventing ALL irregular or unnatural causes which interrupt healthy and perfect natural processes and result in intestinal indigestion, catarrhal affections (causing appendicitis—stoppage of the gall duct), fermentation of unhealthy foods, nervous dyspepsia, headache, constipation and other complaints, such as colic, biliousness, jaundice, etc.

¶August Flower is nature's intended regulator. Two sizes, 25c, 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

IT IS A QUESTION

with you to save as much as you can in buying

Men's Clothing

When you buy the

"LIVERIGHT MAKE"

you obtain the best value for your money. The garments are

Hand-Tailored

and are designed in the latest fashion. We are showing a large line of that celebrated make.

WM. MONHEIMER.

SMETHPORT.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS

SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS

JEWELRY

CUT GLASS

HAND PAINTED CHINA

STATIONERY

PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT

GOOD FRESH SUPPLIES FOR THANKSGIVING

Oranges, Bananas, Malaga Grapes, Olives, Cranberries, Sweet, Sour and Dill Pickles, Sage and Poultry Seasoning and all new canned vegetables can be had at

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Amazing Values in Millinery and Ready-to-Wear Garments.

We are showing a splendid assortment of the newest shades, including small French effects, large dress styles, plain fitted velvet hats and other models; all colors.

For beauty carefulness of construction and becomingness our millinery is famous.

Ladies' and Childrens' Coats. Whether you seek a coat of distinguished character and exceptional beauty, or a coat for hard every day service—ours is the stock to select from, offering the most exclusive styles and the best values to profit by.

The garments speek for themselves better than words in praise of them.

A new lot of furs just arrived.

We are headquarters for all kinds of ladies' wearing apparel.

Your inspection is solicited.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Lean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 23, 1905.

PENNSYLVANIA leads in the manufacture of cement. The cement is of high grade and is in general demand on account of its excellence. Yet there are some things which it cannot make solid. The different factions of the Republican party, for example, would at present resist all efforts made to reunite them.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT continues to figure in the news of the times. Every day finds him doing something of a vital and timely nature. Whether it is football, reciprocity, freight rate legislation, reform within the party, Panama canal, the turning down of some individual who has butted in under wrong conditions, like Whitney of Massachusetts, Roosevelt has something definite to say or do.—Bradford Era

PRINCE LOUIS of Battenburg in a farewell message to the American people says: "It is difficult to express adequately how much I have enjoyed this visit, and how perfect the hospitality has been. The entertainments provided for us were like many other things in this country—on an unprecedented scale. The methods employed were such as to make even the most formal affair thoroughly enjoyable." American hospitality is of the princely kind.

On the first page of this issue of the MINER appears the complete list of premium winners at the First Annual Fair of the McKean County Fair Association and an excellent showing it is. Although the exhibits were not as large as they will be in future years, still by careful perusal it will be noticed that there was much to be seen despite the fact that a Bradford correspondent to the Yart Land, a Swedish paper published at Jamestown, enlightened his readers by stating in that publication that a "Ferris Wheel, Rares, Few Old Copper Coins, etc., were exhibited." The people of McKean county are proud of the Fair and all are going to see that it is a success in the years to come, even if there are a few "knockers" trying to keep it down.

THE subject of leadership in the Republican organization of this state has demanded and received considerable attention since election. It is necessary for the party to have leaders. That is true of every movement or organization. Without an active head there can be no active body. But, as the Wilkes-Barre Record observes, it is not necessary that they should be leaders in the interest of favorite political cliques rather than in the interest of the people. It is not necessary that, with the accomplishment of their own selfish ends in view, they should hold the scepter of czarism over the peoples's representatives in the legislature. So long as leaders allow legislation to flow its natural course without stop or hindrance, and so long as they do not aim to hold arbitrary authority over the nominating conventions, there can be no cause for complaint. This is the sort of leadership that is justifiable, necessary. The other kind has just been repudiated.

IT is now nearly five years, says the New York Medical Record, since the efforts of the misguided ladies, who do so much to promote vice through their endeavor to make virtue compulsory, succeeded in bringing about an act of congress closing the canteens. The policy of abolition has, therefore, prevailed for a sufficiently long period of time to warrant the passing of judgment upon it as a moral force in the army, and the unanimous judgment of those best fitted by observation and experience to express an opinion is that the closing of the post exchanges has had the most deplorable results. Drunkenness, gambling, immorality, infractions of discipline, desertions and insanity have all increased since the sale of beer and light wines in the post exchanges was forbidden by law, and the casual relation of the closure of the canteen to the loss of moral tone among the soldiers is undeniable. The testimony of every division and department commander in the army is all one way.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Nov. 18, 1905

The International Board of Consulting Engineers who are acting in advisory capacity to the Panama Canal Commission voted this week on the subject of the type of canal to be adopted. Their decision has not yet been made public but will be early next week. When it is once decided whether the canal is to be of the lock type or built at sea level, the work can proceed with more rapidity. But up to date there has been a great deal done, how much very few people in the United States seem to know or care. There has been a great deal of criticism of the canal commission for not proceeding faster. But the fact is that the work has been pushed as rapidly as possible considering the number of changes in the commission and engineers that have been necessary.

The decision as to the type of canal marks an important period in the work, and it is just as well to consider at this moment what has already been accomplished. In the first place the Isthmus has been cleaned up as it was never thought possible to do it. In fact the work of the sanitary corps under Col. Gorgas has been as important as the digging of the canal itself. For the sanitation of the Isthmus has made it a habitable strip. The French tried to do the canal work without the preliminary sanitation and failed utterly. Of course partisan critics will profess themselves skeptical of the amount of work actually done. But the records of the war department state the following as some of the things accomplished. A sewer system has been advised for the town of Panama and is half completed. The town is being paved with brick for the easier cleaning and policing, and there has been installed a complete system of water works so that for the first time in three centuries the inhabitants will have good drainage and a pure drinking supply. There will be three other water works necessary, one for the Culebra, one Empire and a third for Cristobal and Colon. All these are under way. By cleaning the towns and killing the mosquitoes, the yellow fever cases have been reduced from 61 in June to 8 in October. There are now 18,000 laborers on the ground and the rate of sickness is only 25 per 1,000 which would be considered moderate in a northern climate.

In the line of actual construction the United States inherited the unfinished French work which consisted of fifteen miles of sea level canal at the north end and five miles at the south. The work has eaten into the great Culebra Hill to a point 140 feet above sea level. This hill is 340 feet high and ten miles wide and has been the great bugbear of a canal line at Panama. There are 20 steam shovels now on the grounds and sixty more ordered or on their way to the scene of the work. The Panama railway has been double tracked with the exception of nine miles which will soon be doubled also. This is not a bad showing for the work up to date. There has been a great deal of opposition to the canal from the railroad interests which will of course be affected by it and there probably will be a great many more calamity howls to the effect that it is an engineering impossibility. But one can consider the progress made with a great deal of satisfaction and the assurance that in about five years the work will be completed.

Political interest in the past few days has turned largely toward "Uncle Joe" Cannon who as the next Speaker of the House will have the making or blocking of a great deal of legislation. Mr. Cannon after his first visit to the White House admitted what he would not admit before, the possibility of railway rate legislation at the coming session. But he has come out in a flat-footed statement against tariff legislation and there is going to be a hard fight over this. The President feels that he has the country behind him on the tariff revision plan as well as on rate fixing and the visit of the steel men the other day, headed by ex-Governor Douglas of Massachusetts, indicates that he is going to have some warm and strong support. There are some more business delegations that are coming to Washington on the same errand, and Speaker Cannon, astute politician as he is, will find he has all his work cut out if he intends to block consideration of the tariff, and as he contemptuously expressed it, "prevent the country being held up by the tail this winter.

It is not often that Secretary Hitchcock lets himself go as he did the other day on the subject of the convictions in that Oklahoma land fraud case where two men were imprisoned six hours and fined $1,000 for illegally fencing 212,000 acres of government land. The Secretary declared that the conviction had cost the government thousands of dollars and four years of hard work and he was disgusted with the inadequate punishment in the case. He said, however, that the government proposed to follow the case up and if the fences were not torn down that other indictments would follow and a fresh effort made to put the guilty parties where they belonged, that was in the penitentiary for a term of years.

Stockholders Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Smethport Water Co. for the election of directors and the transaction of other appropriate business will be held at the office of the Company, Smethport, Pa., December 4, 1905, at 1 p. m.

BERNARD T. GARLICK,
Secretary.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purple, Smethport, Pa.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1905:

First and final account of W. J. Artman, administrator of the estate of Lucind Artman, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of M. M. Griffin, administrator of the estate of J. J. Griffin, deceased.

First account of M. A. Todd, guardian of Leala D. Baker, late minor child of Harvey S. and Nellie M. Baker, deceased.

First and final account of Emma C. Johnson, administratrix of the estate of Oscar F. Johnson, deceased.

First and final account of James A. McKean, guardian of Maud Husted, late minor child of George Husted, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., November 11, 1905.

Subscribe for the MINER.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE
BELL BROS.

Have You Visited Our Thanksgiving Linen Sale?

Fine foods needs fine linens. The pride of the good housewife, the mark of a well managed household and to help along we prepared a

SPECIAL SALE OF TABLE LINEN

In connection with this Linen Sale, up until Thanksgiving, we will give values on the following items that you can't resist.

ALL BOYS CLOTHING 1-2 Price

One lot $2.50 Furs at	$1.39
One lot $5.00 Furs at	3.98
One lot $15.00 Coats at	9.95
One lot $18 Coats, 50 in. long Kerseys at	12.50
One lot $18 Coats, mixtures at	12.50
One lot $15 Suits at	10.00
One lot $18 Suits at	13.95
One lot $25 Suits at	18.95
30 in. Children's Coats, 6 to 14 years, sale price Saturday	4.95
5 pieces of 63 in. all linen, unbleached 65c quality, Thanksgiving price per yd	.48
4 pieces All Linen Damask, 85c quality, Thanksgiving price, per yd	.72
7 pieces of Bleached All Linen Damask, all new patterns, reg. $1 quality, Thanksgiving pr. per yd	.82
5 pieces of 72 in. All Linen Bleached Damask, worth $1.25, Thanksgiving price, per yd	.98
2 pieces of 72 inch Bleached All Linen Satin Damask, reg. $2 quality, Thanksgiving pr. per yd	1.69
25 doz. 20 in. All Linen Napkins, worth $1.25 per doz., Thanksgiving price per doz	.98
20 doz. 21 in. All Linen Napkins, worth $1.50 per doz., Thanks price per doz	1.25

SPECIAL NOTICE

150 Ladies Coats and Suits just received for this week's trade. Prices 9.50 to $15.50.

Baskets, Dolls and Books are now on exhibition in the Basement.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpets and Furniture House of Southwestern New York.

Buy a Jewel Range

The reputation of the largest stove Plant in the world and the careful scientific construction of Jewels are an absolute guarantee of satisfaction. Jewel Cast Ranges include every improvement

Bake Quickly
Save Fuel

and last a lifetime. Castings made from pure gray iron, tested, analyzed and free from scrap. No sand holes-roughness or other defects. Jewel tops do not crack, warp or break. Ovens extra high, large and roomy—perfectly square—you can bake in every part—oven doors lined—no rough edges. Fire-box oval shaped—no dead corners—will hold fire over night; lined with heavy durable cast, or brick linings and fitted with celebrated Jewel Duplex grate for soft or hard coal—one movement of the crank cuts out the dead ashes and cinders and drops them into ash pan. Call and examine, compare them point by point with any other stoves at any price—and then buy a Jewel.

1,800,000 Jewels have been made and sold. Look for the Jewel Trade mark and the name—Detroit Stove Works—largest stove plant in the world.

JEWEL STOVES RANGES

For sale by

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

JUST IN A fresh supply of the following cereals:

FORCE	15c
OATS, QUAKER 2 lbs.	10c
SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT	13c, 2 for 25c
TRISCUIT	10c
EGG O'SEE	10c
RICE PUFFED & MALTA VITA	10c
CREAM OF WHEAT	15c
OAT FLAKE BANNER 5 lbs.	26c

A. E. FOSTER & CO

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP, and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

Rochester Business Institute

A LEADER IN ITS FIELD.

Not a graduate of last year's class out of a position. Present enrolment much larger than that of last year. The managers are the authors of the leading series of commercial text books. Registration on every Monday. Send for catalogue.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Acme Cushion Shoe for Ladies.

Afford great relief for tender feet. The most complete comfortable thing for damp and cold weather. Everybody is invited to look them over.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 and 15c 10 and 15c

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

ASK FOR FREE STYLE BOOK.

How about your Gloves and Mittens?

How about your Underwear and Hosiery? Call and look my stock over; prices in reach of all.

How about Blankets and Comforters?

If you need comforters, ready for use, I have them. Or if you want material for same, can show you cotton batting at 8, 10 and 15c per roll, and comforter covering at 5 to 15c per yard.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

November 14, 1905.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES IN

Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

HAVE WE TOLD YOU ABOUT THE

Hood Rubbers?

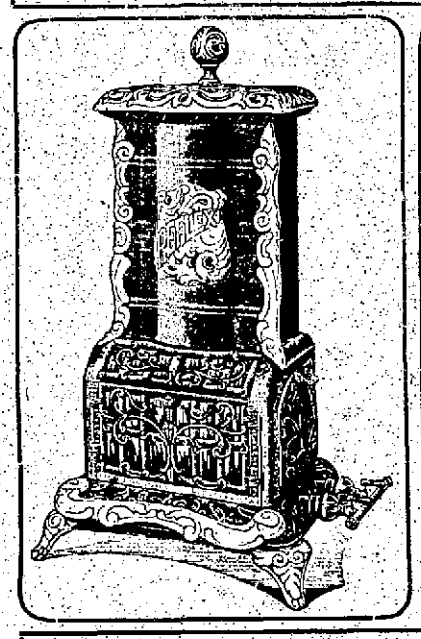
Not yet. Then call and let us fit you with a pair of HOOD'S RUBBERS and you will wear no others.

Hood's Rubbers are good rubbers.

A trial will convince you.

The Lindholm Co.

THE REFLEX.



The best evidence that the **REFLEX** is the most satisfactory **Gas Heater** made is the fact that people owning the larger sizes, when they want a smaller stove for a dining room or a bed room invariably buy one of the smaller sizes which is a sure proof that they are thoroughly satisfied with the work of the

REFLEX

Remember that they are made in five sizes and we carry them all in stock. If it is a stove you want we have it.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 16, 1905

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The MINER will be issued on Wednesday next week.

—Bell Bros. of Olean, have a new and interesting ad to-day.

—Sheriff Mays is advertising a sale of real estate in this issue.

—The Scangetahas meet at the home of Miss Carrie Day this evening.

—The Lindholm Co. have an interesting ad to-day in regard to rubber goods.

—Louis Neipling of East street has moved his household goods to Port Allegany.

—Fry & Comes tell you more about their linen sale in their advertisement this week.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m.; and 7:30 p. m.

—The Haines Flint Bottle factory was shut down the first of the week owing to non arrival of material.

—Mrs. F. R. Brennan of Hazelhurst, a former resident of Smethport, is seriously ill with appendicitis at her home in the former place.

—The Smethport Hose Company will attend services at the Baptist church next Sunday evening in response to an invitation from the pastor, Rev. W. A. Day.

—Several Smethport owners of automobiles will store their cars in Olean this winter where they will be overhauled and placed in condition for next seasons use.

—The local branch of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association banquetted the apprentices employed at the Haines Flint Bottle factory at the Commercial House last Saturday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Shillenn entertained a large party of friends at their home on Union street Tuesday evening. Cards were the amusement afforded and during the evening elegant refreshments were served.

—Work is under way on Attorney J. N. Apple's new office building near the corner of Main and Franklin streets.

—The meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the M. E. chapel Saturday, Nov. 25, at 3 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

—The New York Concert Company, composed of a Ladies' Trio and Reader, will appear in Smethport at an early date for the benefit of the hose company.

—"The Sign of the Four," which is at the Lyceum this evening, is well recommended and Campbell Stratton as "Sherlock Holmes" is an actor of great ability.

—Mr. S. Banks Brown and Miss Huldah Johnson, two popular young people of Mt. Jewett, were married at Olean last Thursday by Rev. L. F. Reeb of the Presbyterian church.

—Westbrook Commercial Academy, Olean, N. Y., is among the prominent business schools of this country. It has gained a front rank because of its thoroughness and excellence of its work.

—Miss Ruth Forrest entertained the Euchre Club at her home on Main street last evening. Mrs. W. O. Herzog won the high prize, Mrs. H. H. the lone hand and Miss Partridge the visitor's prize.

—A report was current on the streets Saturday that the remains of Daniel Ogden, the Kushequa man who is supposed to have met death in some manner in the woods, had been found, but investigation proved the report to be untrue.

—Miss Celine Gaffaux and Mr. Isidore Baudaux, popular Belgian young people of Hazelhurst, were married Monday afternoon by Justice B. L. Knapp. The happy couple were accompanied to Smethport by a party of their Hazelhurst friends.

—The Bradford Herald says: George R. Mabb has returned from Smethport, where he fixed the locks on the cells in the county jail. The commissioners expected to be compelled to send to St. Louis for an expert from the factory where the locks were made, but the services of the Bradford man relieved them of that expense.

—The old building at the corner of Main and Hill streets, owned by James McNulty, is being torn down. Several years ago it was nearly destroyed by fire and its removal will be an improvement.

—According to statistics given the MINER by Register John B. Eastman there have been 40 births and 14 deaths in the borough within the past year. The birth rate was the highest in a number of years.

—Neil Robarts, the 16-year-old son of Postmaster and Mrs. W. G. Robarts of Eldred, died last Thursday evening of typhoid fever. He was a young man of exceptional ability and at the time of his death was his father's assistant in the postoffice.

—The Smethport Hose Company will give a uniform dance at the Hose House Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 30th, assisted by Chadwick's full orchestra. Admission 25c, dance tickets 10c. A royal good time is guranteed to all and everybody is invited.

—Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eastman pleasantly entertained Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at the Bouton residence on Main street. Cards were indulged in by the large number of persons present and luncheon was served.

—The Junior Auxiliary of St Luke's church will hold their annual supper and fair of fancy articles on Wednesday, December 6th at St. Luke's Parish House. The Caddy Booth and Booth of Fancy Work will open at 5 p. m. and the supper at 5:30.

—The service on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30, will be at 10:30 a. m. A number of the old time hymns and tunes will be sung at the service together with an anthem for the day. The service will last one hour and will begin promptly at 10:30 a. m.—St. Luke's church.

—A meeting is being held at Buffalo today between the glass manufacturers and the executive board of the Faulkner organization for the purpose of reducing the wage scale. It is said that if the scale is not reduced the glass plants throughout the country will be forced to shut down.

—A new time table went into effect on the B. R. & P. Ry. this week. The following changes will interest our readers: Trains will leave Smethport for Bradford at 9:25 a. m., 2:35 p. m. and 6:47 p. m., and trains will leave Bradford for Smethport at 7:40 a. m., 11:50 a. m. and 4:45 p. m.

—The holiday season is near at hand and it is none too soon for the merchants to get their stock before the people. The best and surest way to do this is through the newspapers and the wide awake merchant knows it. The MINER ads are read and reach many readers in this vicinity. Place your contracts now.

—Probably the prettiest stage picture ever conceived, closes the final act of the play "The Village Parson." Hardly a newspaper in the cities visited by the production fails to mention this climax. It sends every one home feeling better for having seen it. The play will be seen at the Lyceum Tuesday evening, Nov. 28.

—George H. Higgins, one of the prominent attorneys of Erie, died at his home in that place yesterday morning. Deceased was a prominent man in his profession, and was well known throughout this section. His last work done in a professional capacity was at the September term of court here. He went from this place to Chicago and entered a hospital but received no relief and he returned to his home.

—Mrs. E. H. Colegrove showed a representative of the MINER on Tuesday a lemon that weighed 2¼ pounds, was 15¼ inches around and 7¼ inches long. The lemon was grown in a green house, owned by W. L. Farquarharson at Salamanca, N. Y., on a tree about 13 feet high that is loaded with fruit. The fruit was sent to Mrs. Colegrove by Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Martin, former residents of this vicinity.

—A woman was detected in a shoplifting act in the Grand Union Tea company's store on Saturday. While pretending to be negotiating for a rug the woman concealed a vase under her coat, the act being discovered by Manager Donnelly by means of a mirror. The police were notified of the episode, but the woman was released as Mr. Donnelly did not care to appear as prosecutor.—Bradford Record.

—Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman have issued a very pretty set of twelve souvenir postals of their new musical cartoon extravaganza, "Simple Simon Simple," which appears at the Lyceum, Dec. 18, which they will mail free to any one sending four cents in stamps to cover postage, to Fred G. Nixon-Nirdinger, Park Theatre Building, Philadelphia, or to Mr. A. H. Varley, manager of "Simple Simon Simple."

—George Keough of Eldred was arrested Friday at Rochester on the charge of blackmail. For a long time he had been annoying Father Donoghue, of Sartwell, by writing him threatening letters and making demands upon him. Some of the letters intimated that he would burn Father Donoghue's house and kill him and his relatives. Keough expressed surprise at being arrested and claims to be innocent of the charge.

—Alton B. Parker was struck by a Shawmut train Sunday with fatal result. Parker was a valuable hunting dog belonging to T. W. Sweeney of Mill street. Thus 'tis shown there is something in a name. A man of that name up York State way ran for office about one year ago and met with disaster for which one T. Roosevelt is said to have been responsible. Nevertheless Mr. Sweeney's friends are not slow to extend sympathy on account of the late lamented Parker.

Personal Mention.

S. E. Bell visited Bradford Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove visited Olean Tuesday.

Miss May Choate is visiting relatives in New York City.

Mrs. S. D. Weaver was a Bradford visitor last Friday.

J. C. Cunningham had business in Bradford Tuesday.

Sheriff C. E. Mays had business in Corydon this week.

Warley Gifford was a business visitor in Bradford this week.

Sidney E. Fish of Olean was calling on friends in town Tuesday.

Byron Badger is visiting relatives in Jamestown, N. Y. this week.

Miss Ruth Snapp of Pine Grove, W. Va., is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Sabin Powell visited her husband at Ridgway the first of the week.

Mrs. H. W. Rubin and daughter, Miss Rae, were Bradford visitors yesterday.

Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Eastman of Jamestown, N. Y., are visiting relatives in town.

Geo. G. Hamilton of Ceres made this office a pleasant call Saturday while in town.

Attorney E. R. Mayo was transacting legal business in Bradford last Saturday.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and daughter, Miss Eva, were Olean visitors last Saturday.

Mrs. H. F. Crabe of Bradford was the guest of relatives in town the latter part of last week.

A. Weiner of Philadelphia and Mrs. Jacob Haber of Cleveland, Ohio, were guests of H. W. Rubin and family last week.

Mrs. J. G. Todd and daughter, Miss Margaret, and Mrs. John Clark were Buffalo visitors the latter part of last week.

J. Clayton Beedins left Wednesday afternoon for a trip to Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

Mrs. Leo A. Gibson, who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Knapp for some time, left for her home in Rochester Monday.

Rev. W. A. Day, Baptist pastor, was called to Hinsdale, Yates county, N. Y., last Monday to attend the funeral of a member of his former charge. He received the message before reaching his home at Delevan, N. Y.

New Meat Wagon.

Albert Hackett wishes to announce to the people of Smethport that his meat wagon will visit them every other day with a complete line of home-killed fresh meat.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 33 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

More heating stoves arriving each day. You get the best when you buy of Holmes & Gilfillan.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lenimler has a large assortment.

If it's a "Korrect" it's the best, at Lindholm's.

Get a new fur robe at Lenimler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

If it's a basket you want go to Lindholm's.

New guns and Winchester ammunition at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Cotton Blankets, the warm ones, at Lindholm's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

LYCEUM THEATRE

JOHN CLARK, Mgr.

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Tuesday, Nov. 27 1905

W. E. NANKEVILLE

Presents

THE MOST NATURAL PLAY OF THE AGE

THE VILLAGE PARSON

Thrilling Climax
Powerful in Action
Intense Heart Interest
All Special Scenery

A Story as Sweet as the Fragrance of Roses

Prices 25, 35, 50, 75c

Seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Drug Store.

FRY & COMES

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

BARKER COLLARS 2 for 25c

Have You Visited Our Thanksgiving Linen Sale?

Fine food needs fine linen, the pride of the good housewife, the mark of a well managed household and to help along we have prepared

A SPECIAL SALE OF TABLE LINENS.

It came right in the nick of time for Thanksgiving and Christmas feasting and better table linens at the prices quoted were never shown over the counter of this store or spread upon your dining tables.

High class sturdily woven linens from the best looms of Ireland, Scotland and Germany—some plain, others with small patterns and others with large ones. On some the damasks and napkins match but the interesting point is the prices. There will be more profit to the purchasers than to us on the linen we shall put out at this sale. Never a better chance to buy good linen under price. No, the quantities are not large—just enough to go around. We are afraid if you come too late the best things will be gone.

TABLE DAMASKS

A good linen, either bleached or unbleached, width 68 to 78 in. an extra 50c value. This sale, per yd 45c

Fine snow white linen 72 in. A bargain at 75c. This sale, per yd. 65c

A damask fit to grace any table, a good of variety of patterns, 72 in., a quality we've been selling at $1. This sale per yd 88c

Superb linen in the finer grades, 72 in. wide, better than we usually have at $1.25. This sale, per yd 1.08

Special pattern sets, cloths 2½ to 3 yds. in length with napkins to match, sold in sets only at 6.50 to 8.75

NAPKINS

Most everything from the little fringed tumbler doilies at 5c each to the regular napkins to match table damasks. Per doz. 1.00 to 4.50

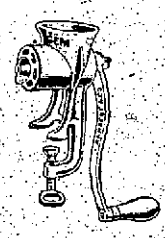
LUNCH CLOTHS

Dainty hemstitched lunch cloths in plain and figured linens, 20 and 45 in. sq 1.00 to 2.75

This store will be closed Thanksgiving Day

FRY & COMES.

It won't chop wood



but Sargent's Gem Food Chopper will chop raw meat, cooked meat, vegetables of all kinds, fruit, crackers, bread, eggs, cheese, nuts, figs and other foods, and

It will chop

them all rapidly, easily, coarse or fine, in uniform pieces, without mashing, squeezing, tearing or grinding.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
Smethport.

CHRISTMAS GOODS ARRIVING DAILY AT

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

GARDENS OF THE SEA

FLOATING ISLANDS THAT FORM AND BLOOM AND PERISH.

The Wonderful and Luxuriant Homeless Wanderers of the South American Rivers—The Famous Floating Gardens of Mexico.

Along the great rivers of South America are to be seen—what to many would seem incredible—floating in graceful motion on the rising and falling waves beautiful green islands covered with trees and flowers, alive with hundreds of birds and strange combinations of terror stricken animals.

Floating islands are generally the result of the overflowing and the washing away of river banks. Others are formed by the twisted roots of the bog rush and matter—trees which year after year have drifted slowly down the streams, forming a solid mass or raft upon which a gradual deposit of vegetable mold is formed and fitted for the luxuriant growth of plants. Still others are formed by aquatic plants, with large, flat leaves like a lily pad, which become a mass of solid matter floated by the autumn floods down the rivers and eventually out into the open sea, where they are soon dashed to pieces and destroyed.

Along the Amazon, Rio de la Plata and their tributaries wonderful sights are frequently seen on the hundreds of floating islands as they gracefully pass by, driven by the wind and current on their seaward journey, sometimes measuring nearly a mile in length, about a hundred feet wide and four to six feet in thickness, the greater portion of which is under water. Amid the dense foliage the observer will behold numerous tropical animals in strangely mingled companionship—crocodiles, monkeys, storks, wildcats and snakes—assembled together as one family and regarding one another with hostility and mistrust. Parrots and squirrels are frequent passengers, and in this odd way of traveling, sometimes thousands of miles, they find themselves transported to new and strange localities far from their native homes.

Great alarm is sometimes caused among the inhabitants of the towns and villages along these rivers by strange and ferocious animals prowling about the streets, having been washed ashore during the night. One of the most remarkable passengers aboard one of these natural floats was a small Indian boy found drifting on an island near Buenos Ayres. How long he had been drifting or how he happened to be there could not be found out, but he had nearly succumbed from hunger and long exposure.

Floating islands are also the means of various seeds and rare plants being carried to foreign soil—thousands of miles distant from their starting place, but often only to fade and perish from the extreme change of climate.

Not alone to South American rivers are these "homeless wanderers," as they are sometimes known, common, but in Africa, on the Kongo, are found floating isles green with foliage, brilliant with flowers and covered with birds of gorgeous plumage, being wafted along by the wind, sometimes sinking from sight, sometimes rising on the crest of a wave like a duck in the wake of a boat. On the Mississippi are found numerous islands that float. The existence of vast forests bordering the banks accodut for this phenomenon, as the gradual wearing away of the earth causes sections of the mainland to become disconnected and to slowly proceed down the river, frequently blockading the channel, so that in many places a safe passage is impossible.

One of the largest of these floating islands ever known on this greatest American river was ten miles in length, 200 yards wide and about eight feet deep, rising and falling with the water, yet covered with luxuriant trees some sixty feet in height. This great island so obstructed the river that the state of Louisiana had to take steps to dispose of the raft and open navigation, which required the space of nearly four years to complete.

History tells us that islands made from reeds, which were not only moved about by the wind, but by oars, were the means of the escape of many Roman citizens during the Mithridatic wars. Indian legends are full of interesting stories of the marvelous escapes of fugitives on "camelotes," which were floating islands composed of green rafts of canes or brushwood.

The wondrous floating gardens of Mexico, though little heard of today, were at one time famous for their great beauty. A foundation made of a sort of wickerwork which was overspread with clay, manure and rich mold was formed in such a way as to float, upon which maize, vegetables and other useful plants were raised. It is said that at one time the city of Mexico received an ample supply of fresh vegetables from these floating gardens.

Many of the gardens were large enough for a tree and a little hut which sheltered the farmer from the sun and rain, while to others, not being sufficiently large to bear the weight of man, the farmer was compelled to row in a boat and from it attend to his daily labors. Cucumbers and melons were among the most successful crops. Numerous flowers and odoriferous plants were also abundantly grown and used for the houses of the nobility and for the worship of the gods.

One of the peculiar advantages this custom had over the more usual manner of gardening was that when the person desired to remove from a disagreeable neighborhood to a new situation or change to a location nearer his family he could conduct his garden wherever he pleased, and at any time, by means of a small boat or by the use of oars.

In Kashmir the floating gardens or islands are spoken of as being remarkably beautiful in their high state of cultivation. The city of Kashmir being divided into many isolated portions by lakes and narrow streams, the low ground is very likely to be suddenly overflowed, and in order to avoid the loss which such a flood would probably cause the inhabitants made their gardens on small floating islands which drifted about over the smooth surface of the lakes.

Although the floating gardens of Mexico were at one time of great celebrity, covered with rare tropical plants and brilliant with gayly colored flowers, yet still more interesting are the rural floating islands which are swept seaward on the great rivers of South America by hundreds and thousands, large and small, and swarming with a menagerie of wild and excited animals. The zoological gardens of Buenos Ayres have received an addition of about fifty different species of tropical animals rescued from the islands passing down the Rio de la Plata.—New York Herald.

THE BLACK CROSS.

Mysterious Harvest of Death Reaped in a Haunted Hut.

We were forced to camp three days at the mouth of the Rio Frio, which empties into Lake Nicaragua just where the San Juan begins. We were joined there by a party of German scientists who were making a tour of the Central American republics. There were seven in the party and two native guides. They had lost a tent in crossing the rapids, and one of them was forced to sleep in an old deserted hut buried in the wild foliage. He was a young Leipsic student of fine physique and beloved by all his companions. The natives had tried to dissuade him from sleeping in the hut, telling him that the place was haunted. They asserted that whoever slept there was always found dead next morning, with a mark of a black cross on the neck just over the main artery. As a proof of what they said they showed two ominous looking mounds buried in the shrubbery near the hut which, they said, were the graves of two Englishmen who had sought shelter in the haunted casa.

Tradition had it that some crime or sacrilege had been committed there and that, as a punishment, whoever slept in the hut was found dead in the morning with the cruz nigra on the neck. Herr Shilbach, however, was not to be deterred by any such superstition, as he called it. So about 10 o'clock he retired to his hut, and I noticed his torch was out in a few minutes and all was darkness. We had paid no attention to the story of the natives, but as Herr Shilbach did not answer the bugle call for breakfast the Indians were ordered to summon him. It was only under threats that they yielded, but scarcely had they entered the hut when we heard the most frightful screams, and the next minute the guides were rushing wildly toward us, shouting in broken Spanish and Indian: "Esta la cruz nigra, la cruz nigra! El senor is dead!" We all ran to the hut, and to our horror there lay the young man wrapped in his blanket, his head thrown back, showing the small black cross on the left side of the neck.—Exchange.

Just as Well.

Bright sayings are often to be heard in the courts, and they enliven a dull and tiresome day.

At one time Sergeant Manning, a very nervous man, was arguing a case before the judges of the common pleas. He had a large number of books before him, almost enough to constitute a library. While he was reading the report of one of the cases a number of books tumbled off the table in front of him.

"My lords," said the sergeant nervously, "it is reported in two other books in these exact words."

"Are you sure," asked Justice Maule, "that it is exactly the same?"

"Certainly, my lords," replied Manning earnestly.

"Well, then," said Justice Maule gravely, "why hunt for the other books? Read the same case again out of the one you have in your hand."

Manning saw the point, and when the merriment caused by the justice's suggestion had subsided he proceeded with his argument without further search for the much quoted case.

The Old Man of the Mountain.

The title "Old Man of the Mountain" was first applied to Hassan Ben Subbah, chief of a Mohammedan sect who founded a formidable dynasty in Syria, A. D. 1090. Banished from his country, he took up his abode on Mount Lebanon, gathered a band of followers and soon became the terror of Jews, Christians and Turks. They all obeyed his orders implicitly in the belief that they would receive choice rewards in the joys of paradise. These assassins, as his followers were called among themselves, rode roughshod over the country for about 200 years. Whenever their chief, the Old Man of the Mountain, thought himself injured, he sent a band of these men secretly to murder the offender, and it was from this that our word assassin originally took its meaning.

Friendship.

The plant of friendship grows only in the warm air of congeniality. Confidence binds its parts together and is the cohesive power of its nature, while sympathy is the life giving sap coursing through every fiber. It is an evergreen and is indigenous to all lands. Its most beautiful flowers open during the night, and, while a perennial bloomer, it is most fragrant in winter. Time cannot wither or destroy it; age but strengthens and develops.—C. S. Field.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W F SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

"ACQUIRED TASTES."

The Story of a Love Affair, a Dinner Speech and a Duel.

He and her father were great friends. As only four persons figure in this story it is unnecessary to mention names. He had a rival for her affections, and her father could never understand why she preferred the rival to him. One day when he sat on the porch chatting with her father she called him into the parlor and told him frankly that she had promised to marry his rival. He did not plead or beg. He kissed her hand with a sort of reverence and then returned to his seat on the porch and renewed the conversation with her father. In those few moments everything seemed to have changed for him. The sun did not shine as brightly; the birds did not sing as they did before. Even the grass and trees seemed sear and dead. He had expected what he had just heard, but that did not seem to abate the shock. He was distrait and moody. Her father saw this and asked him the cause. He blurted out the whole miserable truth. Her father continued to polish his glasses carefully and then said:

"Wimmen folks is mighty ousartin critters." Her father said nothing more, but nothing would change her mind. Gradually it came to be generally known that he had been rejected and that his rival was the fortunate wooer. They, he and his rival, were alumni of the same college. He was down for a speech at the alumni dinner. A month before he had attended her wedding. No one ever heard him complain, though all know how he suffered. He was looked upon as the orator of his class, and a great speech was expected. When he arose a sinister glitter could be seen in his eye. He began to speak slowly. He took as his text "Acquired Tastes." He spoke at length. Finally he said:

"I called upon a dear friend some time ago who had just had a daughter married. He felt his loss very keenly. I tried to console him, telling him that while he had lost a daughter he had gained a son. He said slowly to me:

"'Maybe I will come to like him after awhile—like I do my cigar—but the first few puffs are making me mighty sick.'"

It was in Kentucky. Not a word was said then, but just as the sun peeped over the hills the next day two dark forms were seen silhouetted against the sky. There were two flashes, a combined, subdued report—and one fell, never to rise again. It was he.

A Story of Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo, as is well known, was a man of exceeding vanity. He had a sense of his own importance which often manifested itself in ridiculous ways. During the siege of Paris in 1871 a number of political and literary men were dining one evening at his house. The conversation turned on the horrors of the siege, and the members of the party gave their respective ideas as to the best means of terminating it. Suddenly Victor Hugo had an inspiration. "I know how to do it," he said, with such conviction that every one was filled with hope and expectation.

"Yes," he continued, "tomorrow I, Victor Hugo, dressed in my national costume, will go forth all alone, unarmed, and meet the bullets of the enemy. I shall be killed, and the siege will be over!"

"Over for you," irreverently interrupted one of the company.

Victor Hugo's brow took on an Olympian frown. Never again did the unhappy interrupter receive an invitation to the table of the poet.—Harper's Weekly.

A Danish Dinner Custom.

A pretty table observance in Danish families is for children, even little ones who can scarcely toddle, to go gravely after dinner to salute their parents and say, "Tak for mad" (thanks for the meal). Even visitors shake hands with their host and hostess and go through the same formality. In German families that hold to tradition the same custom prevails. When the evening meal is ended the party stands up around the table, and each shakes hands with the neighbor, saying, "Gesegnete mahlzeit" (blessing the food). This is a relic of those faroff times when food was the elusive ideal, the thing that came as a personal compliment from the Deity. There is an echo of that custom among the students of Leipsic, whose intimate greeting at all times of the day is simply "Mahlzeit!" An English writer says: "Seldom do I rise from the table without the passing flash of a remembered sentence: 'Thank you, papa and mamma, for my nice dinner. Please may little boy get down?'"

Waterproof Foliage.

An oriental scholar was giving an address on the philosophy and religion of the east. His English was of good quality, only now and then becoming interesting from the humorous point of view when he attempted colloquial idiom. After describing with fervor the sage—the one who can walk amid the difficulties and perplexities of mortal existence and yet, unaffected by these, retain his perfect serenity—the speaker was looking about for some familiar comparison by which to bring home the idea to his hearers.

"Ah, I have it!" he said, pleased at the recollection that rewarded his effort. "It is an expressive saying of your own language, said to me by a lady with whom I was last evening conversing. Take that familiar bird, the duck. It is possible to pour a bucketful of water upon that duck, and yet the water can never get into his leaves."—New York Press.

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Examine it Carefully
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like we'd put in might be cheapest in the end. It certainly would insure the health of the family.
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General Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKean, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. B. Bull, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Hixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
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Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Leon Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jno. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Hopkinson, J. G. Cunningham.
Justices—R. L. Knox, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Arnold, treas.; Sheridan Burton, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Farnham.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ayres.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 484, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. SIMONS, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARNES, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
E. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. parlors.
Mrs. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY B. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Church.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. every first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor, Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:40 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD
BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.
Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1904.
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north:
Train 128, week days 4:04 p. m.
PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.
TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.
8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.
12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.
5:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:36 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.
10:55 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arrives at Philadelphia 7:50 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:00 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.
12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:15 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:00 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.
WESTWARD.
3:20 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.
10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.
4:20 p. m.—Train 55, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.
Johnsonburg R. R.
Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M Lv.		Ar P M
7:20	Ridgway	11:50
7:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
7:54	John Hazel	11:18
8:07	Straight	11:01
8:12	Instanter	10:59
8:20	Smith's Run	10:52
8:29	Woodvale	10:45
9:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:30 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 11:55 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points.
W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.
Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.
Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:30 a. m., 12:00 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive:	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:30	1:45	6:15
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:35	6:15
Kane	9:25	2:55	6:55
Leave	**a. m.**	**p. m.**	**p. m.**
Bradford	7:50		4:35
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:31	11:20	5:06
		a. m.	

Arriving at Smethport at 8:00 a. m., 1:06 p. m. and 6:30 p. m.
Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.
A. E. CAMPBELL, R. S. BULLIS,
Genl. Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.
Bradford.

Bessemer & Lake Erie R. R.
In effect Jan. 15, 1905
Trains leave Smethport as follows:
7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:45 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:30 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.
10:00 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 10:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:55 p. m.).
12:00 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:35 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:23 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).
2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:10 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:0 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:37 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:32 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:55 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:08 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.
Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:30 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:32 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 1:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.
N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.
A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
G. J. RENWICK Gen. Pass. Agt.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar.	Dp A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.10
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.20
7.37	6.45	1.50	Newfield Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.45	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.4
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.4
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.05	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp. 8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	—0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp.	Ar	A.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.
Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.
Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Chas. Lemmler.
Smethport, Pa.

The Abduction

By C. B. LEWIS

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It was a plan conceived in the mind of Jerry Palmer, convict No. 4370, one night as he tossed to and fro on his prison couch about three weeks previous to the expiration of his five years' sentence. Jerry had tried thieving, burglary and forgery and had served sentences for all of them and after thinking things over had concluded to make a change. Reform was not included in the change. Jerry strongly believed that the world owed him a living and that it was his constitutional privilege to get that living in the easiest way possible. He would keep right on thinking so, but he would adopt a new and safer line.

"Abduction is the thing!" exclaimed Jerry to his prison walls when he had thought the matter all out. "There's more clean cash to be made in abducting some rich man's gal than in committing half a dozen burglaries, and the risk is a mere nothing. All you have to do is to seize her, shut her up somewhere till the fond father will pay your price and then produce her and lug away the plunks—no publicity, no police, no prison walls. The rest of the crowd can go ahead on old lines, but it's abduction for me for the rest of my natural life."

Jerry hadn't been out of prison two days when he hunted up his old partner, Mike Donovan, and gave him the tip. Mike, too, was ready to drop old lines and take up something new. He had shown energy and ambition as a burglar and had somewhat astonished the police by stealing a steam boiler left on the public street at night, but had found there was no money in it. He had figured it out that the beef trust was making more in three seconds that he was in three years, and if he hadn't met Jerry he might have opened a saloon and sold wood alcohol to his patrons.

The first thing was to find a rich man with a daughter. No rich man's daughter can be [illegible] unless she has been [illegible]. This each one

"SLAPIN' SAL THANKS YOU FOR YOUR BLOOMIN' KINDNESS."

assumed about three weeks' time. The pair finally found a rich man with a daughter about sixteen years old, and they looked upon the battle as half won. At this point, however, they ran short of funds, with the result that they had to take Tommy Saunders into partnership.

Tommy was a good sort—that is, he was one of their sort, and just then he had some money. He didn't explain how he got into the house nor what the haul amounted to, and his partners didn't ask. There is etiquette even among thieves.

"Gents," observed Tommy after the terms of partnership had been settled, "abduction is the thing! All you have to do is to pick the gal up under your arm and take a scoot to a place already prepared, and at the end of a week her father gives up fifty thou. and you deliver his darling birdie at the kitchen door. If it's Jerry Palmer's plan and he says it is—then all I can say is that Jerry should take his place among the greatest statesmen of the country."

An old house in the suburbs that had been tenantless for a year was selected as the hiding place, and then it only remained to get hold of the girl. Some trouble was anticipated here. None of the trio had studied the habits of rich men's daughters, and they were thus at a disadvantage.

Fortune favored them, however. The very first evening they took up their watch in the neighborhood of the house they saw the daughter come out with a basket on her arm. She had a shawl over her head and was otherwise disguised. Just why this should be so they didn't stop to figure, but when the young lady came out on the third evening she was seized in first class style, bundled into an old hack and by great good luck landed in the old house without an alarm having been given.

Jerry, Mike and Tommy agreed that it was a most skillful piece of work. True, the abductee had bitten Jerry's thumb half off when he seized her, and she had kicked the shins and scratched the faces of the other two during the ride, but that only meant an additional ransom. Her father would have to pay $5,000 extra for that.

When the retreat was reached the handkerchief over the girl's mouth was cast loose, a candle lighted, and she was put on exhibition.

Somewhat to the surprise of the abductors she began to swear, and every slang word used anywhere for the last ten years rolled off her tongue. When she was obliged to pause for breath the trio retired into a corner to hold a consultation.

"I never knowed that rich men's daughters talked that way," admitted Jerry, with serious countenance.

"Nor I," added Mike, "but there can't be no mistake. She had just come out of the gate when we seized her."

"I dunno why rich men's gals shouldn't cuss and slang when they get mad same as any others," mused Tommy. "As soon as she gets over it she'll put on her aristocratic airs and fall at our feet and be ready to write a letter to her pa. I've got one ready for her to copy. It says: 'Dear pa, I am held for fifty thousand plunks. If you ever want to see your darlin' agin give up the dough to the bearer of this.'"

"Now, then, cullies, what is it?" asked the girl as their consultation was ended.

"In the first place," answered Jerry, who constituted himself as spokesman, "you have been abducted."

"And what's that, you rat headed peanut stealer?"

"You have been taken from your rich father and are to be held here until he comes down with the cash."

"Huffy goo!"

"You will write him that you have been what they calls abducted, but that you are in the hands of gentlemen who are treating you kindly."

"H'S bewitful, cully. Go on!"

"Their same gentlemen wantin' to take a trip among the aristocracy of England, but havin' no money, will hold you till he comes down with $50,000. If it's all the same to him we'd like the money in $5 and $10 bills."

"Oh, Abraham!" chuckled the girl.

"And in writin' the letter you may add that your couch is not downy and your food not lobster salad and that if your old man gets a hustle on him it will be just as well for you and better for the gents as has carried along the job. That's all, I believe, just at present except that we are slightly astonished that you should have picked up such language in a drawin' room. The letter will not be writ till mornin', and meanwhile you can stand up in a corner and go to sleep feelin' as safe as if in your little bed at home."

As Jerry finished his talk the girl broke into laughter and kept it up for five minutes. She laughed in half a dozen keys, and there was sarcasm as well as humor in her tones. Then she sang a verse of a topical song. Then she scraped up her face and in winking jones gave them an imitation of a beggar soliciting alms. Then she turned cart wheels twice around the room, indulged in half a dozen somersaults and finished with a low courtesy and the words:

"Ladies and gents all, Slappin' Sal thanks you for your bloomin' kindness and has the honor to wish you good evenin'."

With that she went clattering downstairs, and not a hand was lifted to prevent her. The three men smoked in silence for five minutes, and then Jerry Palmer heaved a sigh and said:

"Gents, it was a plan I thought out in state's prison, and I won't go for to say that there wasn't a hole in it."

"And I'm sayin'," added Mike Donovan, "that when three gents can't tell the difference between a rich man's daughter and a gal that was at the kitchen door beggin' for cold vittles them three gents ought to go to stealin' from postcarts."

It was up to Tommy Saunders to express himself, but he was slow about it. When he did speak, all he said was:

"That's just like 'em! The rich never will give a poor man a show!"

Nature's Best Tonic.

Laughter is undoubtedly one of nature's greatest tonics. It brings the disordered faculties and functions into harmony; it lubricates the mental bearings and prevents the friction which monotonous, exacting business engenders. It is a divine gift bestowed upon us as a life preserver, health promoter, a joy generator, a success maker. Life with the average American is too serious at best. Never lose an opportunity for relaxation from the stress and strain of your business or profession. Every draft of laughter, like an air cushion, eases you over the jolts and the hard places on life's highway. Laughter is always healthy. It tends to bring every abnormal condition back to the normal. It is a panacea for heartaches for life's bruises. It is a life prolonger. People who laugh heartily keep themselves in physical and mental harmony and are likely to live longer than those who take life too seriously.—Success Magazine.

An Elephant Story.

A queer elephant yarn is told in the Japan Chronicle by the captain of a trading steamer. On one occasion he had on board a cargo of forty elephants. The ship was at anchor in a calm sea, but began to roll violently. The captain investigated and learned that the elephants had in some way found that by swaying to and fro all together a rocking motion was produced that seemed to please them immensely. So the great heads and bodies rolled and swung in unison until the steamer, which had no other cargo and rode light, was in imminent danger of rolling clean over. The attendants were hurried down into the hold and, after a great deal of shouting and thumping, managed to stop their dangerous amusement. Jules Verne tells as a fiction of the sinking of a ship in that way, and the question is, Has some one in Japan been reading Verne or was the novelist's fancy justified by a real experience?

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

How the Scene of a Terrible Battle Originally Got Its Name.

Stretching for miles along the eastern border of the city, picturesque and pleasing to view is Missionary ridge. How well that name is known from the hemlocks of Maine to the flowers of Florida, and yet how few of different from its name are the associates one gives it when it is pronounced! In history it is recorded as being the scene of one of the fiercest conflicts of the civil war, but to the people who know the origin of the name it is a monument to the memory of a band of devoted, self sacrificing Christian men who, braving the hardships of emigration not for the love of gain, but to help their fellow men, built the Brainard mission on the plateau on the heights known by the name of Missionary ridge.

It was in 1817 that the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, Ainsworth E. Wilson and the Rev. John Vail first viewed the site of their mission. They were sent here by the American board of commissioners for foreign missions, and the same board had provided for the erection of a mission, saw mill, school buildings and a home for the missionaries. But the contractors failed in their contract, and the missionaries were left without money and without even a shelter. But by energetic efforts they erected a mission school and built a mill on the banks of Chickamauga creek. The mill race, nearly a mile long, is still visible. The mill was purchased by Philamon Bird in 1852. He tore down the small structure and built what is now known as Bird's mill.

On May 27, 1819, the president of the United States, James Monroe, appeared at the door of the mission unannounced. He was accompanied by General Gaines. Although surprised by his visit, the missionaries were ready to receive him, and he complimented them on their work and in glowing terms praised the beautiful location of the mission. The Brainard mission was used until the Indians left. It did an immense amount of good, and at one time there were more than 500 Indian children being taught beneath its roof. The Lord's supper was observed for the last time on Aug. 10, 1838.

In the old mission cemetery east of the ridge, overgrown with weeds and forgotten by all but everybody, is a little monument on which are the following words:

"Here lie the remains of Samuel Worcester, D. D., pastor of the Tabernacle church, Salem, Mass., first secretary of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions. Born 1770; died June 7, 1821." Chattanooga Times.

The Vizier's Little Joke.

A Frenchman who lived many years in Fez tells how the Moroccans enjoy a joke at the expense of Europeans. An ultimatum had on one occasion been sent to the governor demanding a letter of apology. No letter came, and the French charge d'affaires went to the vizier, Si-Feddul-Gamil, to announce his departure. "Do not go!" cried the vizier. "You are our friend. The letter only needs the sultan's seal. It will be ready tomorrow." It was not ready on the next day or the next, and on the third day the charge d'affaires, after refusing all refreshment, declared that he was leaving Fez immediately, whereupon Si-Feddul-Gamil drew the letter from his leathern wallet. "It has been ready for five days," he said. "You see, there was no need for anger."

The Burmese Nirvana.

In "The Silken East" the author, Y. G. Scott O'Connor, explains what that much discussed consummation of Nirvana, or neikban, is to the faithful Burmese:

And this neikban, what is it? Eternal extinction or eternal and conscious peace? The everyday Buddhist, in Burma at least, is in no doubt upon the subject, and for the rest, for an exalted idea of paradise, I do not remember to have come upon anything finer than this: "Where the believer expects to find a sure shelter against all errors, doubts and fears, and a resting place, where his spirit may securely enjoy the undisturbed possession of truth."

The "Bummaree."

That not very elegant word, supposedly an Americanism, "bummer," is said to be descended from the English "bummaree," itself centuries old, if not very literary in the company it has kept. A "bummaree" was a person who peddled fish outside the regular fish market. Naturally such a person was in disfavor with the dealers in the established markets. The "bummarees" were accused of cheating and selling worthless wares, hence the disagreeable significance of its linguistic descendant.

The First Word.

"But," said the judge, "you provoked the fight."

"No, O! didn't," replied the prisoner.

"But you struck the first blow. Why did you do that?"

"Because he said to me, 'If O'm wan, here's another,' and so I soaked him."—Philadelphia Press.

Too Polite.

"Your father is certainly the politest man I know."

"What makes you say that?"

"He's pretending that he's cured of his dyspepsia in order that he shall not hurt his doctor's feelings."—New Yorker.

Strenuous Hint.

Husband—Let me see, how long is it since Uncle John was here? Wife—Oh, it must be several years. He was here the week after I got my last new bonnet.

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.—Sewell.

After Fifteen Years

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

Copyright, 1905, by L. D. Marshall

For almost a twelvemonth now Mr. Fawcett had bought his daily morning paper of a certain little newsgirl beneath the steps of his L station. "Little Timber Toes" was the nickname the boys had given her. She was a cripple and carried a crutch.

"I've missed you, sir. Indeed, you stayed away so long I began to think you weren't coming back at all." "Little Timber Toes" laughed at her own falsehood, showing all her fine, infantile teeth at once. Mr. Fawcett had spent Sunday with some of his New Jersey relatives and this was the greeting he received from under the L stairs on Tuesday morning.

"So you missed me, did you?" It was good to be kissed, and it warmed the cockles of his old bachelor's dry heart. "Well, I had a nice time in the country, little one," said he.

"Ah," said the child, leaning slightly forward on her crutch. "It must be like fairyland in the country. Mother used to live in the country, and she's told me all about it. And did you go in the woods—the deep woods? They must smell so fresh and cool and delicious. And then the shade!" She had a long vista of thoughts in her eyes—an entire forest. She was to all appearances a pretty child of twelve, with delicate features and a mass of brown hair. Just now some rays of sunlight slanting upon her head from the platform above made it sparkle like gold.

"Do you know," she went on seeing that Mr. Fawcett was in no especial hurry to catch his train, "I often picture the woods to myself—trees growing up by themselves without being planted, squirrels running over the boughs, birds singing in the branches. Oh, it must be wonderful!"

"How would you like to go with me some Sunday to see the woods?" asked the man. "They are all around the city here, to be seen for the mere riding to them in the cars."

"Oh, I should love it!" The big dark eyes looked disproportionately large in the pale, tiny face. "And I think mother will be sure to let me," added she gravely. "You see, I've told her about you so many times."

Sunday—the whole of July slipped by and "Little Timber Toes" did not get to her dear woods nor the squirrels nor the birds. To be sure, there was no immediate hurry about it. There was always the facile excuse, "Next week, perhaps—or week after next."

However, there came a morning when Mr. Fawcett stopped to hand over his coin and take back a paper he found "Little Timber Toes" place was vacant. Evidently she was late today. On his way home he would stop again. The place was still unoccupied in the evening, also the following morning. A policeman on the corner, being consulted, thought the child might be ill and gave Mr. Fawcett the address where she was supposed to live.

"Of course she's ill," mused the man as he set out to find her late that afternoon. Her little face has been uncommonly white of late and her eyes uncommonly big."

On his way up the narrow stairs in the miserable tenement in which the child lived a buxom woman passed him. It turned out to be the janitress.

"Yes, she's up there all alone, poor little kid. I've just been a-takin' her some gruel. Holy saints, but it's hot up in that attic!" She mopped her brow in confirmation of the statement.

The door of the little attic room was open, but to the man standing there, quietly in the hallway it all seemed quite dark. The shutters were bowed tight, but the August sun threw tiny shafts of light through the slats. As his eyes became used to the half light he saw "Little Timber Toes" sitting close against the wall, where she had been driven by the advancing heat from the window. For coolness she had piled her hair on top of her head. It gave a certain air of distinction. Her exquisite, small face, her shapely little head resting against the dingy wall here in this poverty reduced room, had the antique perfection and grace of an old cameo in a defaced and scratched setting.

He waited for her to move, to look up. He imagined she would hear him breathe, the room was so still, but he had to knock twice before she seemed able to disconnect herself from her listless reverie. Then—

"Oh, oh! I—I was wishing you might come!" She reached out her hand for his and held it tight. "Do you know," stroking the hand she chased with her free one as if to make sure her words would not hurt him, "I kind of thought you'd come, even if you did forget your promise about the dear woods." She smiled, one of her gay, volatile, capricious smiles. And by that he saw that she was better.

His conscience smote him somewhat. He changed the subject abruptly.

"How's mother?" he asked.

"Pretty well, thanks. She's in the tailor trade now."

"The tailor trade, is she? Then shirts didn't pay?"

"Not so well as trousers. It's the buttonholes, you see." The child was profound in her practical wisdom.

Fifteen minutes later, as Mr. Fawcett was opening the shutters to let in the evening air, a slightly built woman came slowly up the attic stairs. She was very tired, but for the sake of the child she bravely summoned a gay smile, putting her face on dress parade, as it were. For a second, seeing that there was a stranger in the room, she stood uncertainly in the doorway; then she crept toward him.

"I think," she said, with a certain [illegible] you must be [illegible]—

"Kitty," cried the man, taking an impetuous step toward her. Then they stood and stared into each other's wondering eyes.

She, worn with work and worry, was the first to lose control. She dropped into a chair presently and began to cry softly. He, for his part, paced the room in dazed fashion. He recalled "Little Timber Toes'" innocent disclosures. Father was dead. She thought she was glad. He wasn't fond of children, and he sometimes used to strike dear mother.

Why, he had figuratively shrugged careless shoulders at the commonplace skeleton laid bare by the child. But now? He pitied her eyes and looked at the pretty, fragile, sobbing creature—Kitty, his Kitty, as he had been used to call her, the beautiful, dainty girl who had flushed under his first kiss! Something in his throat swelled big. He stood still before the attic window, doing battle with it. In the place of chimneys and lightning rods, tiles and slates, came green fields and woods. There was a little vine covered cottage, too, and out of the cottage came a girl as fresh and sweet as the morning. A youth leaned over the gate saying goodby, for he was going off to win fortune for them both. Then he departed, with her moist kiss upon his lips, while the golden morning shone hopefully on the woods and meadows. And, oh, the long misery of that subsequent misunderstanding! Later news had reached him that she was married to an old rival; after that, no news at all.

James Fawcett went over to the weeping little woman and laid his hand upon her arm. "Kitty," he said again, "it's years since we saw each other."

"Fifteen," said she struggling to be calm and smiling through her tears. "That's a long time, James, and time brings many changes."

"Does it? I don't see them, dear. To me you're just the same."

At his words the woman flushed as pretty a wild rose flush as any maiden might claim. He drew up a chair for himself and placed it near her's. Then he set about bringing up old tales that made her cheerful and gave the dimples play. What a chance those same dimples used to lend the boys, Billy and Ben and the rest—did she remember? And did she recall the wooden schoolhouse? There was a brand new brick one now. The old farmhouse was down, too, and on its site was a gorgeous brick villa.

Thus, though all the while hunger was gnawing at his heart, he talked cheerily on and on. Presently he arose. He could bear it no longer. She was such a sorrow laden, pale, fragile, dear little thing to fight all alone against the world. He opened his arms wide.

"Will you come now, Kitty? It's not too late."

When she laid her hands on his broad shoulders and said tremulously, "I'm so tired, dear, so tired," he put his strong arms about her and fondled her caressingly, just as he might have fondled the child by the well or any other helpless thing. "Little Timber Toes" all the while looked on and smiled.

"And when we go to the woods," she asked presently, "we'll take dear mother along too?"

"Well, rather!" answered the man in a queer, hoarse tone as he drew the woman in his arms still closer.

Fidelity and Affection of a Horse.

In the "Memoirs of General Count de Segur," an aid-de-camp of Napoleon, the following affecting incident is related:

"During the nocturnal attack of the Ukra, on Dec. 23, I was unhorsed. My animal had been wounded by a bullet in his chest, from which the blood was streaming, and as he could no longer carry me I had been forced to leave him, loading his equipment on my shoulders. When I had reached our first outpost, about 300 paces off, I sat down to rest before the fire. In some grief at the loss of my mount, when a plaintive sound and an unexpected contact caused me to turn my head. It was the poor beast, which had revived and had dragged itself in the wake of my footsteps. In spite of the distance and the darkness, it had succeeded in finding me and, recognizing me by the light of the campfire, had come up groaning to lay its head on my shoulder. My eyes filled with tears at this last proof of attachment, and I was gently stroking it when, exhausted from the blood it had lost and its efforts to follow me, in the midst of the men, who were as surprised and touched as myself, it fell down, struggled for a moment and expired."

An Arctic Dog.

It is said of Dr. John Brown, the genial and much loved author of "Rab and His Friends," that he was personally acquainted with every dog in Edinburgh. Once while out driving he stopped in the middle of a sentence and looked out eagerly at the back of the carriage.

"Is it some one you know?" asked the friend who was with him.

"No," he replied. "It's a dog I don't know."

An old resident of Edinburgh tells this story: A dog had recently been brought to the city from Iceland and for a long time apparently suffered from all the pangs of homesickness.

Dr. Brown became much interested in the animal and tried frequently to comfort it. At last one day he came to the house of his friend, Dr. Peddie, with a smiling face and said:

"That dog is all right now. He went out last night and saw the pole star, and that has made him feel quite at home here."

DARING OF LIONS.

Incidents to Prove That the Brutes Are Not Cowards.

I have been [illegible] lions [illegible] have had [illegible] actually [illegible] I sincerely [illegible] protest against the epithet "coward" as the least I should consider it appropriate in describing them. I have been charged by a lion and he certainly did not look cowardly. I have come face to face, at a distance of some twenty feet, with a family party of half a dozen, fortunately full fed. They stood, with quiet dignity, looking at us, and then slowly moved away, stopping every few yards to stare and look again. There was in their fear nor meanness in their [illegible] behavior.

I've seen lions stalking game, and I have myself been stalked by them. If I might have encouraged myself with the conviction of their cowardliness when I was the quarry and they the hunters, it would have put a different aspect on the situation. We were at this time living in a station over seventy miles, from the nearest confecting [illegible], with the outside world, and when a man sitting [illegible] took possession of the one road which led to this link things became serious.

A large [illegible] was reported, and the natives maintained that this troop lay along in the grass parallel with the caravan road to path some ten inches wider, and, having selected the most edible member of the caravan, jumped upon him like a flash, and, seizing him, disappeared as quickly as they came.

Our mail runners, attached to whom were a couple of native police armed with rifles, were several times attacked. Finally, as the wall party was camping one night, fortunately for it, with a native caravan, the lions became so bold that, in spite of fires, they sprang upon a native and carried him off into the bush.—Mrs. S. L. Hinde in Blackwood's Magazine.

WASHING CLOCK FACES.

Some Timepieces Grow Soiled More Quickly Than Others.

"I've been washing the faces of the city clocks high on to ten years, I guess," said a pleasant Scotch-Irish-American, "and before that I did it in the old country. There aren't many face washers in this land, and the few who know the business do well at it." He looked prosperous in his tweed suit and derby hat.

"Is your work anything like that of the steeple climber?" he was asked.

"Bless you, no," he replied, with twinkling eye, much amused, "only in one thing, and that is that mostly sailors take up with the trade. That's because we're good climbers, you know. I've washed the faces of city and church clocks that were 150 feet from the ground, and it took me two and three weeks to do it. I'm a practical clock repairer, too—have to be, you know—and do my work in a huge wooden cradle made for the purpose. Some clocks get their faces dirty in a year or so; others remain clean ten years, and so on. Old Ben, Westminster's great clock, is expected to keep clean fifteen years.

"In the old days the trade was more dangerous. We used to work from scaffolds and got many dangerous falls. Now we have the cradles and all the fixings and comforts, and if a man keeps his head he can work as well as on the earth. How is the pay? Well, that's hard to figure, for we work by the job. We don't clean clock faces in winter, so we make enough in the summer to last the year round. Of course sometimes the clocks are taken out of their cases and repaired in the shops. Last year I cleaned $2,000 and visited only two other cities, Chicago and Boston. This year I'll make more, because building operations have grimed the clocks and given our trade a lift."—New York Post.

The Word Derrick.

The word derrick for a machine used to lift heavy weights is curiously derived from a London hangman in the beginning of the seventeenth century whose name was Theodoric and who is often mentioned in old plays. "He rides circuit with the devil, and Derrick must be his host, and Tyborne the inn at which he will light" occurs in "The Bellman of London," published in 1616. The name thus corrupted came afterward to be applied, by an easy transition, to the gallows and later still to any frame or contrivance resembling it in shape.

A Hint of Ink.

Canon Nicholl used to tell how on one occasion he had visited the famous house of the Thrales in that suburb of London where Dr. Johnson was at home. "Johnson," said the canon in recalling the visit, "had occupied two rooms, and these were left as he last used them. The sight was an extraordinary one, for ink was splashed all over the floor and even on the walls. It was one of the doctor's habits to dip his pen in ink and then shake it."

The Natural Effect.

Father—From my observation of him last night I came to the conclusion that young man of yours was rather wild. Daughter—Of course. It was your constant observation that made him wild. He wanted you to go upstairs and leave us alone.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Doubled.

Mabel—Is she as happy as when she lived with her husband, Molly—Twice as happy. He used to allow her only $9 a week, and now he has to pay her $18 a week alimony.—Kansas City Independent.

You can get a very good idea of "natural selection" in its practical workings by viewing a celery glass after it has been once round the table.

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THE SLOTHFUL TODAS

THEY ARE THE LAZIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.

A Hill Tribe of India Whose Men Will Neither Hunt Nor Work and Who Are Proud of Their Reputation For Downright Indolence.

In these days of push and energy it sounds strange to talk of people as being lazy, and still the Todas, a hill tribe of India, are the laziest people in the world.

The Todas are not ashamed of their reputation and are free to confess that they know of nothing so foolish and stupid as work. Their one and only pursuit is the raising of buffaloes. They are far too indolent to follow the chase. An ax is their only weapon, although they know how to make others. They use this for waging war and for felling trees. They will not till the land, considering this unnecessary labor. To make housekeeping easier all their natural products are held in common. The idea of property is only restricted to the hut, its contents and live stock.

The buffaloes, which they own in large quantities, furnish them with skins for clothing and the hut, and the meat is used as food. But milk is their principal diet. They do not even relish the idea of milking their cattle. The head milkers are the only ones that are to be persuaded to do this labor. These men are chosen from the class of "peiki," or "sons of God." They are the priests and practice celibacy. Although the priests tend to the cattle, each householder owns his cattle.

Much as these men dislike the caring for their cattle, they find farming a less dignified calling. Some years ago they went to war with their neighbors, the Badagas and Kotas, as they might be able to levy a tax of one-eighth on their grain products. When their grain grows scarce they live on roots and berries. They will sell their land or give it away, but they will not cultivate it at any price.

The building of bamboo huts does not interest them any more than the cultivating of the soil, and they make this task easy by making the boys cut the bamboo and their wives build the huts. It is not unusual for three families to share one abode. The men are often so lazy that they cannot afford one wife alone, but even this does not worry them. Two or three brothers manage to support one wife. Indolent and slothful, they sit listless for hours, unconcerned about all things. What they know they know well. They are intelligent within certain narrow limits, but they are too lazy to increase their store of knowledge. Whatever has to be done must be cared for by the women and children.

Strangely, their appearance does not disclose this most marked characteristic. They are tall and well proportioned. They look like Roman senators as they walk wrapped in skins resembling the ancient toga. Their appearance is not only prepossessing, but bold and self reliant.

Many an amusing story is told of this small hill tribe, numbering about 400 men. An American missionary was working among them when one day he saw some women and boys building a hut of bamboo. He inquired why the men were not performing this labor, and one woman explained, "Husband mine don't work; me and boys build house."

The missionary made no further comment, but when the hut was built he told the husband that he must build another hut, as he could not live in a home made by women and children. But the surprised Toda answered: "No, no. Me no work. Man has boys and wife to work."

The Toda meant what he said. Although the missionary argued and finally horsewhipped the native, he could not get him to build a hut.

An equally amusing story is told by an English officer. He was so taken by the handsome appearance of one of the natives he wanted to take him to England and place him in his own regiment. The officer gave the native skins and silks until the Toda promised to become an English soldier. He was delighted with the officer's bright, gay uniform. He did not feel sad about leaving his country, his wife and children, but when he was told that soldiers work he said:

"Me no be an English soldier; me be Toda. Me no work; me no like work."

When the English officer tried to persuade him he made answer: "Take wife and boys; they be English soldiers—like work. Me stay home and rest; me be Toda."—Chicago Tribune.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Crazy people never think they are crazy. Are you crazy?

The average person places too much confidence in an apology.

People are not so much interested in your grievances as you think they are.

It is one thing to appreciate a compliment and another thing to swallow it.

A woman never used powder that a man didn't notice it. But women say, "Men are so easily fooled!"

Men don't like men very well; women don't like women very well either. And men quarrel with women sometimes.

When a man regrets that he didn't get much schooling in his youth, somehow his sons who have to go to school don't sympathize with him as much as he expected.—Atchison Globe.

All Against the Preacher.

Sydney Smith loved to tell a good story, and one that haunted his brain and tickled his sides for weeks was that of a tame magpie in a church that suddenly descended on the reading desk and strove to fly off with the sermon and of the desperate struggle that ensued between the bird and the preacher, the congregation all in favor of the bird.

Money.

Money is powerful for good if divinely used. Give it plenty of air and it is sweet as the hawthorn. Shut it up and it cankers and breeds worms.—G. MacDonald.

STOCKHOLM.

The City of a Thousand Islands and Rocky Reefs.

From Sweden's capital an enthusiastic visitor writes: "The sky has an almost Italian radiance as the sun shines clear and bright on the glittering levels of the lagoon that divide the new town from the old. Across the water, on which a fleet of white ferryboats ply, rises the broad front of the palace, the stern outline of which is relieved by the russet glow which time has lent to the brickwork. In front of the palace runs a broad quay crowded with shipping, behind which one may catch peeps of narrow, winding streets, with sloping roofs and painted houses bent with age. The square front of the palace rises above the red and gray roofs, seeming to command the old city. On my right the waters narrow to a swift rushing stream, over which a stately bridge has been thrown, uniting the palace with the picturesque pile of the opera house, or, rather, with the broad square in which it stands. Behind the opera house lie broad streets of modern houses, in which there are unexpected glimpses of waterways crowded with shipping.

"Stockholm is built on a series of islands formed by Lake Malaren. It is, indeed, the city of a thousand islands and rocky reefs, which are sown broadcast many miles beyond the mainland, where the lake and river join the sea. The steamers which ply up and down like afford endless excursions. Seaward you may sail a day among the islands until you reach the long, low reefs on which the Baltic beats.

"In spite of their cold climate the Swedes delight in the open air. After the indoor life of English or American cities it is a great pleasure to take one's meals out of doors, although it may sometimes be necessary to dine wrapped in an overcoat. We have seen people dining in the Tivoli gardens beneath awnings and umbrellas in the rain. This habit may explain the health and vigor of the Swedes."

Naturally.

Patient—Well, doctor, do you think I'm getting well all right? Doctor—Oh, yes. You still have a good deal of fever, but that doesn't trouble me. Patient—Of course not. If you had a fever it wouldn't trouble me.—Tales.

Still in the Future.

Cashier (coughing)—Pardon me, I did not catch your last name. Ethel (blushing)—I haven't caught it yet myself.—Cleveland Leader.

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BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI FACIAS, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1905

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Commencing in the center of the Main Road on a line between the A. Shaw and M. D. Lamphier farms; thence west to the east line of the Western New York & Pennsylvania Railroad land (now Pennsylvania R. R. land); thence north along east line of said W. N. Y. & P. Railroad land (now Pennsylvania R. R. land) fifty (50) feet to a corner; thence east to the center of the Main Road to a corner; thence south along the center of said road to the place of beginning.

Improved and having thereon one one and one-half story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. K. Frederick at the suit of Jas. N. Duffy Leather Mfg. Co.

Jno. F. Tuohy, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that piece of land lying, being and situate in the Township of Liberty, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the center of the road south 20 degrees east 35 5-10 perches from the southeast corner of land conveyed by W. J. Davis and wife to Nathaniel Evans; thence north 61 degrees east 35 7-10 perches to a corner; thence south 34 degrees east 82 perches to a corner; thence south 20 degrees east 44 perches to a corner; thence 61 degrees west 29 perches to a corner in the center of the road; thence by the center of the road north 50 degrees west 24 perches to a corner; thence north 20 degrees west 36 6-10 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 18 acres and 145 perches strict measure be the same more or less.

Improved and used as a Race Track and Fair Grounds and having thereon a few old track buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of McKean Agricultural Society, a corporation, at the suit of C. R. Bard, trustee for use of C. A. Dolley.

C. W. Catlin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on lot Number 181 Warrant 8316, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post in the southeast corner of Pike and Clarence streets; thence southerly by the east line of said Clarence street eighty-two (82) feet to a post; thence east eighteen (18) feet to a post at the northeast corner of land deeded to one Hamilton; thence north eighty-two (82) feet to a post in the south line of Pike street; thence west by the south line of Pike street eighteen (18) feet to the place of beginning. Containing one thousand four hundred and seventy-six square feet.

Improved and having thereon a two story frame building used as a dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Sarah M. Bahan at the suit of the Bradford Building Loan and Saving Association.

C. E. Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney

4.

Defendant's interest in all the following described tract or parcel of land situated in the Township of Bradford (now Foster), in the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post on the west line of Warrant No. 3127 at the northwest corner of lot number one hundred and fourteen; thence east two hundred and nine rods more or less to a post in the road; thence northwesterly along said road forty-four rods more or less to a post in said road; thence west one hundred and eighty nine rods to a post in west line of Warrant No. 3127; thence south thirty-seven rods more or less to the place of beginning. Containing forty-six acres more or less being the southwest part of lot number one hundred and fourteen and part of Warrant number thirty-four hundred and twenty-seven and being a part of the lands conveyed to said Kinsbury by David R. Griggs and others, trustees of the United States Land Company by deed dated November 20th A. D. 1850, and recorded in the recorder's office in and for said County of McKean in deed book "H" page 722, &c. And conveyed by David Kingsbury to Harriet E. Harris by deed recorded in Deed Book Vol. "M" page 384, &c., June 6th, 1855.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house, one frame barn and a small orchard.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F. E. Glass, Executor of the estate of Harriet E. Glass, at the suit of Otto Koch.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, Beginning at the southeast corner of School street and Center street; thence east forty-two (42) feet to the northwest corner of lot deeded to Hattie R. Dorn; thence south seventy-five (75) feet; thence east thirty (30) feet; thence south twenty-five (25) feet; thence east thirty (30) feet; thence south seventeen (17) feet; thence west one hundred (100) feet to Center street; thence north along Center street one hundred seventeen (117) feet to the place of beginning, containing six thousand five hundred sixty-seven (6567) square feet, more or less.

The building is of wooden construction two story and 18 ft. high, having a frontage of about thirty-seven (37) feet, and a depth of fifty-seven (57) feet, containing fourteen rooms and two bath rooms.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mary C. Roche, owner or reputed owner, and Mary C. Roche, contractor at the suit of A. Miller & Son.

Melvin & Melvin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel or tract of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the north side of Summer street twenty-five (25) rods east of the northeast corner of Center and Summer Streets; thence north one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence east thirty-three (33) feet to a post; thence south one hundred (100) feet to Summer street; thence west along Summer street thirty-three (33) feet to the place of beginning. Containing three thousand and three hundred (3,300) square feet and being a part of the land conveyed to Augustus W. Newell by Daniel Kingsbury and wife by deed dated December 18th 1865, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean county, being the same conveyed by the said Augustus W. Newell and wife to Emily J. McAllister by deed dated August 1st, 1868, recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for said County of McKean in Deed Book Vol. 45 at page 10, &c., and by the said Emily J. McAllister and husband conveyed unto the said Cora M. McMullen by deed dated April 26th, 1869, recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for said County of McKean in Deed Book Vol. 50, page 432, &c., and conveyed by the said Cora M. McMullen to John E. Larson by deed dated November 26th, 1903, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 124, page 187, &c.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame building and usual outbuildings

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John E. Larson at the suit of A. R. Krantz.

W. E. Burdick, Plaintiff's Attorney.

CHAS E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1905.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 3, June Term, 1906.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ar a Sessions did, on the 27th day of February 1905 prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph Noonan.

We therefore command you, the said Joseph Noonan that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be holden for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December 1905, to answer the petition or libel of Arlie Noonan and show cause if any you have, why the said Arlie Noonan your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1905.

G. W. Catlin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 142, June Term, 1905.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Laura K. Jansondal on the 17th day of April 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Benjamin Jansondal.

We therefore command you, the said Benjamin Jansondal, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be holden for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December, 1905, to answer the petition or libel of Laura K. Jansondal and show cause, if any you have, why the said Benjamin Jansondal should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1905.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 3, June Term, 1906.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ar a Sessions did, on the 27th day of February 1905 prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph Noonan.

We therefore command you, the said Joseph Noonan that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be holden for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December, 1905, to answer the petition or libel of Arlie Noonan and show cause if any you have, why the said Arlie Noonan your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Sherman B. Dunham.

We therefore command you, the said Sherman B. Dunham, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December, 1905, to answer the petition or libel of Emogene Dunham, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1905.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 3, June Term, 1905.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Emogene Dunham did, on the 29th day of April 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Sherman B. Dunham.

We therefore command you, the said Sherman B. Dunham that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be holden for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December, 1905, to answer the petition or libel of Emogene Dunham and show cause, if any you have, why the said Emogene Dunham, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1905.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 143, June Term, 1905.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Bessie A. Dibble did, on the 17th day of April 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ernest E. Dibble.

We therefore command you, the said Ernest E. Dibble that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December, 1905, to answer the petition or libel of Bessie A. Dibble and show cause if any you have, why the said Bessie A. Dibble, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14 1905.

Reed & Son, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 167, June Term, 1905.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Emogene Dunham did, on the 29th day of April 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Sherman B. Dunham.

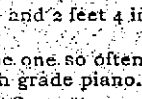
We therefore command you, the said Sherman B. Dunham that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December, 1905, to answer the petition or libel of Emogene Dunham and show cause, if any you have, why the said Emogene Dunham, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1905.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.



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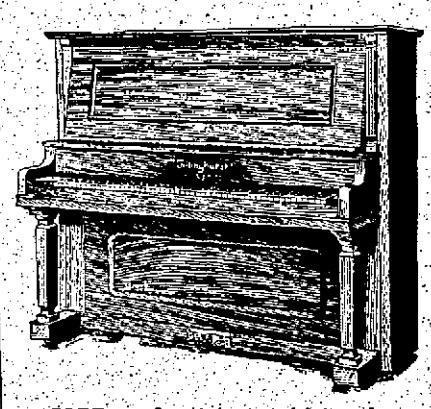

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